Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE PERILS OF PEACEMAKING

"IT is not," quoth an emulator of Darius Green, "the flying but the alighting that hurts."

It is not the waging of war but the making of peace that most greatly tests the wisdom and the fortitude of a nation and that subjects it to the greatest peril.

Few rational men in this country have, we believe, at any time since April, 1917, doubted the ultimate victory of the Allied Powers against the Huns, in so far as military and naval operations are concerned. Such victory has been recognized as a necessity of civilization, of humanity, and of God. The way might be long. The task might be arduous. The cost in blood and treasure might be enormous. But the end was certain. The Hun must be beaten.

Few rational men are to-day, on the other hand, free from grave apprehensions and anxiety concerning the perils of peacemaking, and the danger that the Allies may through some inept diplomacy lose much of the victory that they have won through military valor on the field of battle. It was foreseen long ago that there would be such danger. The full magnitude of it was not, however, appreciated until the President had made his extraordinary reply to the German peace drive. For in that reply he not only signified his willingness to enter into discussion and negotiation, but actually himself began such processes, and that with a Power with which he had only a few days before declared that we could not come to terms because we did not think the same thoughts nor speak the same language.

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We were not unwilling, however reluctant our judgment may have been, to concede the possibility of some supernal shrewdness in the President's reply. There were those who thus regarded it, and who professed to believe that it had "put Germany in a hole." Whatever the German answer might be, they said, it would place the Kaiser's Government at a disadvantage. But the prompt reply of that Government dispelled all such delusions and revealed the trap which had been set for the President and through him for the Allies. The President was taken at his word. His implied invitation to discussion was accepted. His questions were answered. He was placed in the dilemma of being compelled either to eat his own words and thus to subject this Government to the imputation of inconsistency and insincerity, or to enter into negotiations with those with whom he had said he would not negotiate and to seek a covenanted peace with those whom he had himself declared to be without capacity for such a peace.

The fundamental principle which the President apparently overlooked is that negotiations once begun cannot easily be limited. They must be plenary, or they should not be undertaken at all. He might have replied to the German peace propaganda with the curt statement that he could and would consider no proposal but that of unconditional surrender. That would have been consistent, explicit and conclusive, and would have afforded no opening for discussion. But he did not. He asked questions; and the asking of questions is tantamount to the opening of discussion, and when you begin to discuss, Heaven knows where the end of it will be. Once having conceded the propriety of negotiations over the application of his terms of peace, he practically by implication invited Germany into an equal conference of the Powers, quite after the fashion of Metternich and Bismarck. In what a moral quagmire such proceedings might land us imagination hesitates to portray.

There were those who thought that it was a master stroke of diplomatic tactics for the President to ask whether the German Chancellor was speaking for the German Government or for the German people. But his question to that effect was addressed to the German Government. That is to say, he was seeking information and assurance from a source which he himself had declared to be untruthful and untrustworthy, so that by his own showing the answer to his ques-

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tion would be valueless. Of course, if the answer had been that the Chancellor represented the Kaiser and his military entourage alone, the President might have retorted that we could not do business with them. But if the answer was, as indeed it turned out to be, that he spoke for and represented the German people, the obvious implication was that we would do business with them; for if not, why ask the question at all? Wherefore in asking that question, the answer to which was a foregone conclusion, the President was practically committing himself to negotiation with Germany.

It will not do to dispute the correctness of the German reply, on the ground that the Kaiser is still on the throne. For perhaps the German people want him there. The implication is that they do, and that he is their acceptable and appropriate representative. The President refused to recognize Huerta as President of Mexico, because he had recently put himself in office through a revolution and there was room to doubt whether the people as a whole wanted him. But when a great nation has loyally and enthusiastically supported a Chief of State for many years, and shows no signs of wishing to get rid of him, you cannot very well refuse to recognize him as their lawful and authoritative head.

The fact is that it is a most mischievous error to attempt to differentiate between the German Government and the German people. All the evidence on the subject, varied, cumulative and convincing, is that the two were in harmony in beginning the war and have continued in harmony in waging it, in both objects and methods. We know of no better witness than Dr. William Muelhon, the former director of Krupp's works at Essen, and he declares explicitly that the German people, even the Social Democrats, were as eager for the war as was the Kaiser himself; for the sake of the loot which they expected to get out of it. Nor can we differentiate between them in responsibility for atrocities. We have no doubt that orders were given from the highest sources for the practice of all manner of "frightfulness." On the other hand, there is overwhelming proof that the soldiers committed many of the most abominable outrages voluntarily, without orders; and that the German populace, civilians, women as well as men, has habitually heaped all possible insults, indignities and even assaults upon prisoners of war.

We need to take no occasion here and now to discuss in

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general terms the merits of the President's rejoinder to the German reply to his note. Its rhetoric was eloquent, its sentiments were largely admirable; and its length was considerable. The advisability of its existence in any form and to any purport was contingent upon the issuance of his former note. That effected, the necessity of some later utterance was obvious. In such circumstances, perhaps the document signed by Mr. Lansing was as good as could be expected. We shall cheerfully regard it as such, provided it proves to be a finality, and the three salient points which are presented in it are never withdrawn or blunted. If they be resolutely and inexorably maintained, the dangers of peacemaking, at least those before the fact, may be avoided.

The President declares, with that unequivocal emphasis which he sometimes happily employs, that "the process of evacuation" (which Germany pretended to promise in Belgium and France) "and the conditions of an armistice" (for which Germany affected to ask) "are matters which must be left to the judgment and advice of the military advisers of the Government of the United States and the Allied Governments." Without dwelling upon the regret which many will inevitably feel, that he did not say that at first, instead of asking questions of the Hun, we must earnestly hope that he will now resolutely adhere to the logical and wise policy thus enunciated. It is a two-fold policy. The first part of it is that the conditions of evacuation and any possible armistice are to be prescribed and dictated by this country and its Allies, without Germany's having anything to say about them; wherefore there can be no discussion of them with Germany. It is for Germany to ask, and for us to grant if we please and when we please and how we please. And the second part is, that the prescription and dictation are to be made not by the President or any civil authority, but by the "military advisers," which must chiefly mean General Pershing and Sir Douglas Haig and Field-Marshal Ferdinand Foch, or, since he is Generalissimo, in the last analysis, Field-Marshal Foch. The point thus felicitously made by the President is, therefore, that if ever and whenever again Germany asks for an armistice, the only possible reply must be, "Ask Foch." With such disposition of such overtures from the Hun we, at any rate, shall be quite content, and shall regard it as entirely safe.

The second point made by the President might be con-

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sidered as superfluous, being substantially covered in the first. Nevertheless it is of so great interest and importance that it is perhaps well to elaborate it even at the expense of repetition. It is, that the Allied Governments will never so much as consider an armistice until Germany has stopped all her violations of the laws of civilized warfare; to wit, her U-boat outrages, the burning of towns and other wanton destruction of property, and the murdering, ravishing and deportation of civilians; all of which practices she has been prosecuting with an access of savagery and feverish zeal at the very time of soliciting an armistice and peace negotiations. We could safely leave that point to Foch along with the general question of an armistice, but it was doubtless well to present it in this form, in order to put Hunnish infamy again in the pillory.

The third point is perhaps the most important of all, and is certainly the one which will be regarded with most repugnance by Germany. It is, in brief, that the Hohenzollern régime must be abolished and replaced with some government of Germany which we can trust and which will not be a standing menace to the peace of the world. The President shrewdly reminds the German Government that that was one of his formerly expressed conditions of peace, which Germany in her notes professes to accept, and that therefore Germany stands practically committed to the deposition of the Hohenzollerns or at least to the reduction of their system of Prussian militarism to impotence.

We say that this is the most important point of all, because it has to do not merely with the granting of an armistice, nor with the negotiations of peace, but with the actual granting of definitive peace and with the conditions which are to prevail thereafter. It is a condition "precedent to peace," says the President, "if peace is to come by the action of the German people themselves." Those words are not to be taken in their superficial meaning, because as a matter of fact peace cannot come "by the action of the German people." There is nothing that they can do which will bring peace unless we are minded to grant it. Peace must come—it can only come—by the action of the Allies. What the President means is such action by the German people as will lead the Allies to make peace, and he indicates unmistakably that such action by Germany must include the deposition of the Hohenzollerns, or their reduction to impotence.

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Let us, then, close the chapter of the President's incursion into what he himself had regarded as the forbidden field of controversy with the Hun, and retain in memory only these three vital principles which happily have emerged from it. Hereafter all requests for an armistice are to be referred to Ferdinand Foch, with plenary power, and with most comfortable assurance. And, armistice or no armistice, all overtures for peace are to be met with the inexorable demand, "Are the Hohenzollerns gone?" Those two formulas of procedure will immensely simplify the work of peacemaking, and will deprive that process of most of its perils. Of course, if the former of them is not complied with by Germany, there can be no armistice; and if the latter is not complied with, we shall simply have to persist in fighting until we ourselves have effected what the Germans will not or cannot do.

All this suggests how great an error it would be to undertake any further conference or negotiations with the Germans, whether with Kaiser or peasant. If the first tentative discussion, the very first passage of question and answer, leads to such complications as already appear, what would not be the result of going on to discuss in detail all the items of the President's "only possible programme" of peace? Indeed, the admission of any debate whatever would be self-stultifying. We have, through the President, announced the only possible terms of peace. There can, then, be no room for discussing them. It is for Germany to accept them, or to refuse them and take the consequences. But if she does accept them, and seeks a conference concerning their application? We reply that it is not for her to be consulted on the subject. We have already declared the German Government to be without honor or conscience or capacity for covenanted peace. How can we enter into conference with it? We have declared that we cannot come to terms with it. Why, then, discuss terms?

It would be not merely futile. It would be most mischievous. In such discussion we and Germany would either agree or not agree. If we did agree, that would almost certainly mean some concession or compromise on our side which ought not to be granted and the results of which would return in after years to plague us. If we did not agree, and the war was resumed, Germany would have had just so much respite, so much breathing spell, to make it just so much the harder for us finally to subdue her. Moreover, the very

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fact of our pausing for a moment to think of peace and to talk of peace would cause a slackening of the war work which should be pressed and pushed to the very utmost. Nor are we to overlook the danger, at which we may be sure Germany is specially aiming, of some dissension being aroused among the Allies. We are now all agreed upon the terms of peace. But if we begin modifying or remaking those terms, what guarantee will there be of continued agreement?

But let us proceed to the extreme assumption, that negotiations were successfully conducted and that peace were secured through agreement between the Allies and the Teutonic Powers. That would be nothing but a covenanted peace, which the President assures us Germany has no capacity to make. It would be based upon a treaty to which Germany would be a party, and which Germany would regard as a mere scrap of paper the moment it suited her interest so to do. What could there be more ominous, more fraught with peril to us and to the world, than for us to enter into such a peace as that?

For the perils of peacemaking will not, let us remember, cease and vanish with the specific event. Peace is not an incident; it is a condition. It would be futile to content ourselves with merely exercising vigilance and judgment in the act of signing a treaty and then permit those faculties to lapse. Especially is such the case when, as in this instance, we are dealing with a Power which has been truthfully described as without honor or conscience or capacity for covenanted peace; of which we might say with Becket, "I never spied in thee one gleam of grace." In that characterization, whatever some sentimental lenience may imagine, we must until proof to the contrary is forthcoming include the German nation with the German dynasty. Is that too severe? It is the common rule. The confidence which our Allies repose in the United States, and which we shall require our enemies to repose in us, is not based upon the impeccable integrity of the President alone, or of his advisers, or even yet of Congress, but upon the known Constitution and characteristics of the American people; of whom even the President is merely the representative. With what measure we are thus judged, we shall insist upon measuring others. So we say that the distrust and the abhorrence with which we and the whole civilized world regard Germany is not in-

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spired merely by the falsity and atrocious inhumanity of William the Damned and his sons and generals and ministers, but by the manifested disposition of that German nation of which these are either the representatives or the masters.

It matters little for the present purpose whether they are representatives or masters. If the former, if those crowned and titled criminals are the chosen and accepted exponents of the German popular will,—as indeed from all but universal expressions of loyalty and devotion and support we are quite warranted in believing,—why, there is nothing more to be said. The people are as bad as the Kaiser and must be thus treated. And indeed the presumption to that effect is so clear and strong that we shall certainly be warranted in applying to them the Continental rule of jurisprudence, the reverse of our own, to wit, that they are to be regarded as guilty until they themselves shall have proved their innocence. It is for them, for the German people, to demonstrate convincingly and satisfactorily, that they condemn the Hohenzollerns and all their works and have utterly repudiated and cast them out, before we can consent to dissociate the one from the other in criminal responsibility and in unfitness for friendly covenant.

If the latter alternative be accepted, what then? Why, if these sixty-odd million Germans, boasting themselves the wisest, strongest and most efficient people in the world, have all these years permitted themselves to be dominated and controlled against their wish and better judgment by this brigand dynasty, if they were dragooned into this war against their will, if they were made by the word of a crowned and sceptered degenerate to ravish women and murder babes and defile church altars and wantonly plunder and burn and slaughter, while all the time their pure and righteous souls revolted at the devil's work, if they have been and are such puppets in a tyrant's hand, surely it would be the crassest of folly to treat them as competent and responsible beings. They would be a race of weaklings and degenerates, fit only for leading strings until in the slow processes of evolution they should be raised to the rank of real men.

These are the considerations which imperatively require the exaction of guarantees, and something more than guarantees, of German good behavior, not merely in the specific act of peacemaking but equally in the indefinitely prolonged processes of peace-keeping, until the demands of justice have

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been satisfied and the reasonable prudence of the world is made content. These are the considerations which inspire and warrant schemes for a League of Nations to Enforce Peace—to be in effect a guard against some recrudescence of Hunnish blood-lust. These are the considerations which make essential the retention of an inexorable grip upon the Hun until he shall have satisfied to the last pfennig the just demands of spoliated nations for indemnity. Let us apply the inexorable converse of the Golden Rule. We remember —Georges Clemenceau and Ferdinand Foch remember—the insistence of Germany, nearly half a century ago. France had never repudiated an obligation. She had never regarded a treaty as a scrap of paper. Her word was at par among the nations of the world. Yet Germany insisted upon keeping a garrison in the French capital until France had paid the last sou of the blood money which was extorted from her by the predatory conqueror. If it takes a hundred years for Germany to pay the indemnities which justice requires her to pay, until that time and task are utterly completed, we shall hope to see an Allied—at least a French and Belgian—garrison holding the Prussian capital at the muzzles of its guns. And until the last taint of "kultur" is eliminated, and the Blond Beast—which is the Hunnish nation—is tamed and humanized, we shall expect to see Germany compulsorily restrained from developing any military power which could be of the slightest menace to even the smallest and weakest of her neighbors.

This is not vindictiveness. It is justice tempered with forbearance. The Secretary of State was speaking eloquently the other day about justice for the German people. We are at one with him as to the desirability of justice. But we must dissent completely from those who profess to fear that our application of justice may be distorted into harshness and oppression. Let us say, very thoughtfully and with all conceivable moderation and Christian charity, that that could not be done. The most severe judgments that can be passed upon Germany will yet fall short of doing simple justice. When we remember the murder of Edith Cavell, the *Lusitania* massacre, the multitudinous ravishing of the womanhood of Belgium and France, the tortures and mutilations and butcheries, the crimes innumerable and unspeakable, the attempted destruction of whole nations,—when we remember that these things were done both by deliberate order of the

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German Government and by the ready will of the German people, and that they were sanctioned and applauded by the nation, and that the foremost moral and spiritual exponents of that nation declared that he who did not sanction and applaud them was no true German,—when we remember these things, we realize that the only possible danger is not of too great severity, but of too great leniency.

The President long ago and repeatedly pointed out the course of prudence, of safety and of honor, from which if we are wise we shall not depart. It is to refuse all conferences and negotiations, until the German power is crushed. It is to make no terms, but to apply force without limit and to the utmost. And the German power must be crushed not only in a fleeting incident, but for all time. It must not only be crushed, but must be kept crushed, until in its place there has grown up a new German spirit that will not be a menace to the world. The force which is applied without stint or limit to break down to the dust the military power of Potsdam, must be a continuing force so long as it is needed to safeguard and to perpetuate the results of the war. That is the policy which we have been pursuing for months past, with superb success. It would be madness and folly and crime to abandon that policy now, at the very moment when it is attaining the ends at which it aims. Let us have no Villafranca business at the end of this war.

LEAGUE, NOT ALLIANCE

THERE is much talk of alliances and of a League of Nations; of which some is wise and some—otherwise. It arises, of course, from the practical alliance of America with a number of European and other Powers for the prosecution of the war, and from the proposal, which is made by some of the highest authorities in the land, for a league of nations after the war, to safeguard the results of victory and to maintain international peace. Both of these, the practical alliance and the proposed league, are heartily to be commended—provided that the latter is found practicable; of which some thoughtful statesmen have their doubts, and in the way of which there are undoubtedly some obstacles. But neither should be exaggerated beyond its legitimate proportions.

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We could not, for example, approve the suggestion of some well-meaning but over-zealous souls, that the United States, having abandoned its "traditional policy of isolation," should now enter into conventional alliances with various Powers. For while, as we have hitherto pointed out, we have not and never have had a "policy of isolation," the same objections to such alliances as have hitherto prevailed are still valid, and indeed are actually strengthened by the circumstances and considerations of the war. We have never made a fetich of Jefferson's dictum of "entangling alliances with none," any more than Jefferson himself did when within a year of its utterance he flatly repudiated it and advocated a hard and fast offensive and defensive alliance with a European Power. But we see no reason for neglecting to discriminate, as a greater than Jefferson did, between entangling and non-entangling alliances.

There should be no objection at all to the latter kind; that is, to temporary or limited alliances, made for specific purposes, to serve those purposes and nothing more. That was what Washington had in mind when, in the same breath with which he warned the young Republic against becoming involved through fixed alliances in the affairs of Europe, specifically recommended trusting to temporary alliances for special occasions. That is precisely what we are doing at the present time. Our "alliance" with Great Britain, France and the others is not an alliance at all in the usual sense of the word, since no treaty to that effect has ever been made. But waiving that formality, and regarding it as an alliance, as it substantially is, it answers exactly to Washington's description. It is a temporary alliance, formed for the specific purpose of waging this war, and limited in its duration to the period of the war. It does not commit us to coöperation with or to responsibility for those nations in any matter beyond the war. It is therefore in no sense "entangling," but is such as would doubtless have been cordially approved by Jefferson at the very moment when he uttered that resounding phrase.

But because we have entered into this informal alliance is not the slightest reason why we should now or hereafter enter into one of the other kind, with any nation on earth. On the contrary, the very fact that this one, of limited scope and liability, is so efficient and satisfactory in its working, is a most convincing argument against the other kind. If in

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the greatest crisis in our history and in the history of the world we have found this temporary quasi-alliance so eminently adequate to all our needs, why should we in less serious times assume any more binding obligations?

The history of the world, moreover, greatly disparages the value of permanent and complete alliances, either as a safeguard against war or as an aid in war. There was, we believe, an alliance between France and Russia, but it did not save Russia from something like dissolution, or from being dragged into treason at Brest-Litovsk. There was nothing but an entente between Great Britain and France, but it proved immeasurably more serviceable than the Russian alliance. The Triple Alliance did not preserve the peace of Europe, and did not, when the final test came, hold Italy to the support of the Teutonic Empires. We should not be surprised if it were found, on tallying up the matter, that alliances had on the whole caused war oftener than they had prevented it, and had resulted in vexation and enmity oftener than in satisfaction and lasting friendship.

The fact is too often ignored by advocates of alliances that such compacts are an exaltation of internationalism above nationalism. It is strange that men do not more fully appreciate this, and that while they condemn—as we believe, rightly—the international schemes of a certain type of Socialists, they approve the internationalism of high diplomacy. It is well enough to form a temporary or limited alliance for some specific purpose which both parties fully understand and approve. But it is a very different thing for one nation to tie itself fast to another with an agreement to stand by it in everything that it does and in any circumstances which may arise. That is practically to abrogate its own nationality in favor of the other's.

Yet while we should resolutely oppose an entangling alliance, we should regard with hopeful favor a League of Nations for the Maintenance of Peace. That would be because such a league, while permanent or indefinite in duration, would be limited strictly to a certain clearly defined purpose. It would pledge us to coöperation with the others in specified ways, for that specific end, and in no other way and for no other end. That would not be entangling, any more than any of a hundred treaties which we have made with one or more Powers.

On that same principle, however, we should admonish the

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advocates of the League of Nations against carrying their proposals too far, so as to make it in fact a hard and fast alliance. If it is to be acceptable and is to succeed, it must be strictly limited in its purpose and methods of operation. The members must pledge themselves to the maintenance of international peace by the employment of certain means, but they must be left as absolutely free as before in all other respects. There must be no interference with their complete individual sovereignty in all domestic affairs, and indeed in all external affairs not involving war. We do not believe that it would be possible to get three important nations into such a league if, for example, it was designed to impair their freedom and independence in commercial economics. Nations will not renounce nationality for internationalism.

We are strongly inclined to think that after this war, and because of the war, there will be fewer alliances of the old-fashioned kind than there were before. People are beginning to realize that they belong to the realm of secret diplomacy and all the international abuses from Machiavelli to Metternich. Nations may make treaties, as men make contracts. But there is no more occasion for alliances than there is for cliques and cabals in social life—things which nine times out of ten are evil. A resolute maintenance of international law and justice, for small nations as well as great, and an independence of national sovereignty for every one, without secret or other alliances or any leagues save that of good citizenship in the community of nations—that is the ideal of the world after the great war.

LAST WORDS BEFORE VOTING

It is now too late to make any changes in the lists of candidates before the voters of the Republic. It is probably too late to exert any widespread influence upon the casting of the votes. Indeed, we may say that with a very few exceptions it would not be desirable to exert such influence. "Politics is adjourned." Let it remain so. Since a general election at this time is a necessary evil, let it pass with as little contention as possible. There is only one issue before the nation, and on that the two parties are substantially agreed. So far as the conduct of the war and the settlement of its issues are concerned, it will matter little whether the

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new Congress contains a Republican or a Democratic majority. What will matter is, that the two parties shall continue to work together in harmonious support of the nation's policy. It is for that sake that we deprecate anything like partisan violence or animosity in these closing days of the campaign.

In scarcely one in a score of cases is there any material choice between contending candidates, or any reason why patriotic Republicans should not vote for the Republican candidate and patriotic Democrats for the Democratic candidate, and patriotic voters not affiliated with either party for either candidate that pleases them. The result will be the election of loyal men, intent upon winning the war and securing its fruits to the nation and to the world.

There are, however, two classes of local divisions, limited in number, to which we would again, at this eleventh hour, call special attention, and in which we would urge electors, regardless of party, to acquit themselves like men for the sake of the Republic. One class consists of a number of Congress Districts in various States in which third party candidates, chiefly professing a bastard Socialism, are running on pacifist or other disloyal platforms. In some such districts Republicans and Democrats have shown the sound sense and patriotism to sink rivalries and unite on the strongest candidates against the common enemy. Where this has not been done, where three candidates are in the field and there is even the two, we exhort the members of the weaker of the two loyal parties, Republican or Democrats as the case may be, to cut their own candidate and vote for the other, in order to make sure the pacifist's defeat. We cannot believe that there is a loyal voter of either party who would not rather see a loyal candidate of the other party win than see a third party pacifist elected.

The other class to which we refer consists of just two divisions, namely, the Senatorial contests in Nebraska and Michigan. Of these we have already spoken at length, but so great is their importance that we cannot refrain from adverting to them again, on the eve of election day, with all possible earnestness.

Nebraska is normally Republican, though in recent years it has occasionally departed from strict party lines, and there is ground for hoping that it may do so again this month. The Republican candidate is the present Senator, George

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W. Norris. He is a man of intellectual power, professional acumen, and oratorical ability, who might in other circumstances be an honor to his State and a credit to the Senate. But existing circumstances make him all the more objectionable because of his possession of those qualities. For this man sought to excuse the *Lusitania* massacre as a mere incident of legitimate warfare; he declared that the President and Congress in declaring for war were catering to sordid greed and putting the dollar sign upon the flag. He voted against the war. He voted against the selective draft. He voted against the anti-sedition acts. He voted against essential war taxation. His conduct provoked from one of his colleagues the indignant rebuke that if it was not treason it "grazed the edge of treason."

We have not been informed that, in response to his half-plaintive, half-frantic appeals any of the important leaders of the Republican party have given him their support or countenance. We have heard no word in his behalf from either of the Republican ex-Presidents, or from the Chairman of the Republican National Committee. We know that representative and influential Republicans speak of his candidacy with regret and with resentment, as a disgrace to the party and as an insult to the nation. We have hopes, therefore, that despite the strong Republican predilections of that State, enough members of that party will vote against their unfit candidate to assure his defeat. His Democratic opponent is Mr. Morehead, a man of undoubted loyalty and patriotism, who is so well thought of in Nebraska that, though a Democrat, he was once elected Governor of that Republican State. We shall be disappointed in Nebraska if he is not now elected Senator—for the sake of the brave Nebraska boys who are fighting and suffering and dying "over there."

In Michigan it is the Democrats who are running an unfit candidate. It should not be necessary for us to expatiate upon the conspicuous unfitness of the father of Edsel Ford. Of his skill as an inventor and manufacturer there is no question. He has conferred an inestimable benefit upon the country by providing it with inexpensive motors. But those are not the essential qualifications of a Senator of the United States. If he has ever evinced even a rudimentary knowledge of or interest in public affairs, he has been singularly successful in concealing the fact. His notions of the duties and

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responsibilities of ordinary citizenship are of the most hazy and chaotic description. His rank pacifism in the war has been half a joke and half a scandal. His contempt for the flag, his sordid greed in profiteering, his blatant self-advertising, his lack of even the primary principles of patriotism, make the bare suggestion of his Senatorship repulsive.

Of course in a State so overwhelmingly Republican and so staunchly loyal as Michigan, such a person running on the Democratic ticket should have not the ghost of a chance of election. Yet we must remember that he has the advantage of immense wealth and business influence; that in some utterly incomprehensible way he has secured for himself the putative cachet of Presidential favor; and that some extraordinary official efforts have been made to discredit his aggressively loyal Republican opponent. In these circumstances, while we confidently hope for Mr. Ford's defeat, we would warn the loyal voters of Michigan that it will not be safe to take chances on a single ballot; and we would earnestly advise the Democrats of that State, if they wish their organization henceforth to figure as even a respectable minority party, to cast their votes solidly for the Republican candidate. The election of Henry Ford would disgrace the State, but it would damn outright and forever the party that was his sponsor.

Citizens everywhere will do well to bear in mind that in this election they are choosing probably the most important Congress the United States has ever known. That is because it will in all probability be charged with the immeasurable responsibilities of ending the war, restoring peace, and determining the course of the nation in the tremendous tasks of world-reorganization which will follow the return of peace. Greater responsibilities, more arduous duties, never rested upon any company of men. That is why we would have the voice of faction hushed. That is why we would have, if possible, not so much as one solitary Norris or Ford in either house. That is why, at this closing hour before the polling, we commend every elector in the Republic to do his duty at the ballot box, not for the sake of his party but for the sake of the Republic and in the fear of God.

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MICAWBER: SANITARIAN

WE had supposed, or at least we had hoped, that unreadiness, indecision and delay were characteristic of this nation only in respect of the unusual circumstance of war; and that indeed in that particular the costly experience of the last few years had taught us an effectually reformatory lesson. Our boasted practicality, promptness, efficiency, and what not other business-like qualities were fondly assumed to be adequate to the needs of all ordinary emergencies. But the tragic record of the last few weeks sadly dispels those fond imaginings.

There can be no excuse nor even pretext of lack of warning of the deadly plague that scourges us. Its threatened invasion was heralded in advance. Its peculiar virulence was blazoned to the world. Every possible admonition was given, and the amplest of opportunity was afforded for us to be upon guard against it, and to exercise promptly and inexorably the most stringent measures for the suppression of every case that unfortunately made its appearance upon our shores. Those whose memory goes back a generation, to the days of occasional alarms of the possible approach of Asiatic cholera or yellow fever, and the heroic expedients then adopted for quarantining even the most slightly suspected cases, had reason to assume that at least something systematic and energetic would be done to protect this public from what was manifestly a potentially far more serious visitation.

But what was done? What has been done, save locally and even there too late? If any intelligent and comprehensive measures were taken by the general Government, they must have been concealed from public knowledge with consummate dexterity, as well as defeated in their intent by some extraordinarily malign fate. Neither principle nor power was lacking. For years the plan of a national supervision of public sanitation had been mooted, and strongly favored; and administrative machinery for that purpose had been constructed. Seeing, moreover, the practically unlimited dictatorship with which the Chief Executive had been invested for the purpose of prosecuting the war, and seeing the disastrous effect which an epidemic, striking most of all at the camps, would certainly have upon our military activities, the Administration must certainly have been accounted

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competent to take almost any action that seemed desirable in the premises. It could have issued imperative orders, as it has done for "lightless nights" and what not, which the people would have been compelled to obey. It could have made an earnest request, as it did for "gasless Sundays," to which the people would have responded with ungrudging loyalty. Or, in the last resort, if for any reason the President had imagined himself without legislative authority for such action, an appeal to Congress, such as he has repeatedly made, sometimes for much less important causes, would have assured him the amplest sanction within a few hours.

But no order was issued. No request was made of the public. No authority was sought from Congress. So far as any outward indication was vouchsafed, the Administration might never have heard that such things as influenza and pneumonia existed. An impassioned appeal was made for the passage of a woman suffrage resolution as a vital necessity for the prosecution of the war; as though Pershing's army would be paralyzed and Foch's strategy would be baffled and the U-boats would rage unhindered and triumphant, unless immediate steps were taken to grant votes to women at some date subsequent to the probable ending of the war. But there was not a word about stamping out a plague which was claiming many more victims than all the fighting on the Western Front, and that was disabling men in our camps and cantonments more rapidly than we were sending men abroad.

It is impossible to doubt that if the President had ordered, as he might have done, or had simply requested, or even suggested, the universal closing of all theatres, moving picture houses, and other places of unnecessary assemblage, the nation would have responded instantly, cordially, and gratefully. It is impossible to doubt, either, that such action, maintained, let us say, for a week, or a fortnight, would have been powerfully efficient in preventing the spread of the epidemic and in thus aiding physicians and sanitarians to dispose of the cases which had already occurred and thus bring the plague to an end. And that, of course, would have been only one of the measures which might have been taken, and perhaps not the most important of them.

In thus doing nothing itself, the general Government set a bad example which States and municipalities too largely followed, until the epidemic had gained a headway too great

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to be summarily checked. The New England States, and especially Massachusetts, were first scourged; but their woe was little warning to the others. Only when the pestilence attained appalling proportions was belated action taken. In mid-October a prominent and judicious physician of Philadelphia wrote to a friend in New York:

> Here it is perfectly dreadful, and I think it must be far worse than in New York. Many bodies are lying unburied because neither graves nor undertakers are available. One Jewish rabbi had to cart his own son to the cemetery and bury him himself. There are in the *Ledger* a page and a half and sometimes more of solid notices of deaths. All of our theatres, churches, movies, and public gatherings of all kinds are stopped. I am surprised to see that such public gatherings are still open in New York.

If there was any error at all in this, it was in the assumption that Philadelphia was suffering more severely than New York. For at that very time the death rate in New York was higher than it had ever been known in the history of the city since vital statistics were recorded; deaths from the pestilence numbered between six hundred and seven hundred daily, and reported cases ten times as many, while physicians and sanitary experts of the highest standing declared that the actual number of cases was several times that officially reported. Yet not a theatre nor a moving picture place was closed, nor other unnecessary assemblage prohibited. So far as the public could perceive or discover, the health authorities gave their chief attention to speculating upon the probable time when the epidemic would "reach its peak" and begin to decline. It was a case of "waiting for something to turn up" while thousands died and hundreds of thousands fell ill.

We would not be censorious. We would not lightly estimate the difficulties of the task which was presented. We would not pretend that the invasion might have been entirely prevented, or that the epidemic might, by any available means, have been restrained from serious ravages. But we must regard with amazement and reprobation the apparent apathy and helplessness of the authorities, and also, we regret to say, the indifference—if indifference it was—of the public press. We can understand the reluctance of authorities to do anything which might cause panic or even alarm; and the reluctance of the press of a great city to publish anything

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that might deter the coming of visitors, particularly in the busy purchasing season when such abstention would "hurt business." We can even imagine some papers speculating upon the loss of advertising income they would suffer if through their urging the theatres and other places of entertainment were closed. But we cannot help also understanding some considerations immeasurably transcending these and sweeping them into negligible insignificance.

The facts—what Mr. Balfour once called the cubical, concrete, congealed facts—are these: That hundreds of thousands of our soldiers have been incapacitated, at the very crisis of the war; that tens of thousands of lives have been lost; that our military efficiency has been seriously impaired; that industrial and commercial activities have been demoralized; that pecuniary losses amounting probably to hundreds of millions of dollars have been inflicted upon the country, with non-pecuniary losses and woe simply inestimable; and that meantime the spirit of Mr. Micawber has ridden regnant and supreme above the scene.

It has been an exhibition of unreadiness, of ineptitude, of either apathy or cowardice or both, unrivalled in the history of the nation.

DEMOCRACY IN JAPAN

THE significance of the Takashi Hara Cabinet in Japan has passed too little noticed amid the tumult and the shouting of the war. Indeed, the advent of that Cabinet has received little more than perfunctory attention. Yet it is really nothing less than epochal; one of the most important events in the world that have grown indirectly out of the war.

To appreciate its full importance we must look back a number of years, at least to the time, nearly thirty years ago, when the Japanese Constitution was framed and promulgated. In preparation for that august event a number of Japan's ablest statesmen, led by the greatest of them all, Ito, visited the principal countries of the world and studied their constitutional systems and their workings with minute care. The object was, of course, to discover what principles would be best for adoption by Japan, a nation which was about to abandon an almost absolute autocracy for a popular form of government. The results of these travels and studies was

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the framing, adoption and promulgation of a constitution modelled pretty closely upon that of Prussia, or at least resembling it more than any other, particularly in the relationship between the Cabinet and the Parliament. That is to say, provision was made for a Cabinet responsible to the Emperor rather than to the representatives of the people.

This was a matter of disappointment to many, who had hoped for parliamentary government as it existed in France and Great Britain. For many years some of the foremost statesmen had been advocating popular government. Indeed, it must be recalled that the very first of the famous Five Articles to which the Emperor swore at the beginning of the Era of Meiji, in 1868, and which have been called the Magna Charta of Japan, provides that

"Deliberative Assemblies shall be established, and all measures of government shall be decided by public opinion."

Under the Constitution as promulgated in 1890 a national deliberative assembly was indeed established. But with all the nine Ministers of State responsible solely to the Emperor, it was impossible to say that all measures of government were decided by public opinion. Accordingly, just as agitation for a Constitution followed the promulgation of the Five Articles, agitation for a Ministry responsible to Parliament followed the adoption of the Constitution. Ito himself sympathized with that agitation, even though he did not deem it prudent to associate himself openly with it at the beginning. But when in 1900 he formed the Seiyukai Party, no secret was made of the fact that its ultimate object was the establishment of party government with a Ministry directly and solely responsible to Parliament, after the British rather than the Prussian model.

It was then not yet time for the great reform to be accomplished, though from that date forward party influence was increasingly felt, and the Cabinet was more and more regardful of the tone and temper of Parliament. Japan entered the present war, therefore, as an autocratically governed nation. She had a Constitution and a Parliament, but her Ministers were responsible solely to the Emperor and not at all to the people or their representatives. This led, then, to this anomalous state of affairs, that while she was nominally fighting against autocracy and for making the world safe for democracy, Japn was in fact herself an autocracy almost identical with that of Prussia.

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It was doubtless this fact that encouraged Germany just before and in the beginning of the war, prior to Japan's entry into it, so persistently to intrigue with Japan for the latter's coöperation on the German side. It was the stupid Hunnish belief that Japan was opposed to democracy that led to the attempts to array Japan against the United States. Germany did not realize that underneath the nominal autocracy there was rapidly growing in Japan a democratic spirit that could not be checked, but which would in a short time dominate the nation and its Government.

The growth of that spirit was materially strengthened and expedited by the war. Early in the present year it had proceeded so far that it was commonly observed that Japan's continuance in the war, and particularly her intervention with the other Powers in Russian affairs, would depend upon the course of the Government in respect to party rule and Ministerial responsibility. It is not too much to say that the strange and apparently inexplicable hesitation of Japan to take that step in intervention for which she was assumed to be eager, was due chiefly if not solely to the insistence of the rising democracy that it should have a voice in government and that the Imperial Ministry should be responsible to Parliament. Assurances to that effect were made and accepted, and the promise has now been practically fulfilled, at least as completely as the people expect it or wish it to be at this time. There is no revision of the Constitution. There is no formal announcement upon the subject. But the fact is recognized on all hands that Japan has now, for the first time in her history, a Cabinet belonging entirely to one political party and organized thus with the express purpose of making the party in question responsible for governmental results and of making the continued existence of the Ministry dependent upon its retaining the support of a party majority in Parliament.

In brief, Japan in this Cabinet change has aligned herself definitely and fully on the side of democracy as against autocracy. Her Constitution remains Prussian in letter, but in spirit it has become liberalized and popularized like those of the other Allies. It remains, of course, to be seen how successful the new Ministry will be in conducting the Government on the new basis, and to what extent the Emperor himself will sanction and coöperate with the change. Nominally the Ministry remains responsible to him alone. But if it

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meets with an adverse vote in Parliament on some crucial issue, what will happen? According to the letter of the Constitution it may ignore it and continue in office, if the Emperor so wishes. According to the present intention of the Prime Minister, it will resign in favor of a Ministry that can command a Parliamentary majority. But what if it should meet with an adverse vote and should therefore wish to resign, and the Emperor should ask or direct it to remain in office?

That would undoubtedly be an embarrassing state of affairs. But there is little room for supposing that it will ever occur. It is believed by the best informed that the Emperor himself is in accord with the new order of things, and will henceforth acquiesce in the complete responsibility of his Ministers to Parliament. If so, the constitutional development of Japan will be completed, and she will take her place among the genuine democracies of the world.

REPRISALS A NECESSITY

THE Hun has made reprisals a necessity. He seemed to have done so long ago, in his commission of wrongs for which no adequate atonement ever could be made and for which only vengeance was possible. Reprisals of vengeance were what then seemed inevitable. But now he has again made necessary reprisals of a different kind, reprisals both punitive and compensatory; and he has done this in a most extreme manner and degree in some of his very latest acts of war.

The monstrous ravages which were committed during the German advance into Belgium and France were explicable—not excusable, but explicable—on the ground of frightfulness. They were intended to strike terror into the hearts of the people and their Governments, and literally frighten them into submission. In that they failed, but that was their intent. So we may say that much of the destruction committed since has had a military object, or has been done through assumed military necessity. That excuse was made even for the destruction of the Rheims cathedral. That was a lie, of course. But that was the pretext.

The ravages recently committed, however, in the retreat from Belgium and France, can have no such pretext. Not even a Hun would have the impudence to offer it. They served no military purpose or necessity. They did not facili-

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tate the flight of the Germans, nor impede the advance of the Allies. The dwellings and churches wantonly destroyed, the orchards cut down, the factories looted and wrecked, are simply tokens of savage spite.

Now, tremendous as the provocation is, we would not counsel reprisals exactly in kind. Yet there is an obvious method of reprisals which would at once inflict great loss upon the Germans and repair in great measure the injuries which they have inflicted upon the Belgians and French.

From the beginning of the war an obvious purpose of Germany has been to destroy those industries of Belgium and France which were rivals of her own. With that aim the factories and workshops of those countries have been systematically looted. All the machinery and tools that could be removed have been stolen and carried away to Germany, while all that could not be removed has been destroyed. The result is that the industries of Belgium and France will be seriously handicapped for years after the war, unless compensatory reprisals are made.

We hold, therefore, that an essential condition of peace should be not only that Germany should so far as possible return what she has stolen, but also that from Germany's own industries there should be taken equipment to make good the losses which Belgium and France have suffered. In Rhenish Prussia and Westphalia, adjacent to the Belgian frontier, are clustered some of the greatest industrial centres of Germany—Essen and Crefeld and Elberfeld and Duisburg and the rest. It would not be vandalism, it would be justice, for the Allies to take possession of them, not wantonly to destroy them, but to strip them of all movable equipment for transportation into France and Belgium, to replace what the Germans there stole and destroyed.

So would we deal with the fleets of Germany, which for four years have lain secure in inland waters. They should be taken from her, to replace those of the Allies and the neutral powers which have been destroyed by German U-boats. A ship for a ship, and a factory for a factory, should be the inexorable rule. That would throw the losses of the war upon those who caused them and who sought to inflict them upon others. It would be the reprisals of justice and restoration, not of mere vengeance and destruction.

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A LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND WHAT IT COULD DO

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE

A PACT of Nations exists today, called into being in defence of humanity, but called into being too late to avert the awful consequences of rampant militarism combined with premature pacifism and laisser faire.

The question before us is, shall such a pact or league of nations be continued and permanently organized and equipped so that it may exercise its powers promptly and decisively before another era of violence and destruction has time to develop?—its duty being to curb any Power which sets itself stealthily to undermine the peace of the world, or selfishly to pursue a policy of aggrandizement at the expense of smaller peoples.

The weapons first to be used would be civil ones. Commercial interchange throughout the league should be free, no exclusion of goods need be practised among the members. But an offender might be punished first by a hostile tariff, then by a boycott. As to what nations should be admitted to the league, let the present Allies begin, and let questions of future admission be relegated to the future when more information will be available and we shall realize more clearly how we stand. In the long run it is to be hoped that all will be included, but the time is not yet. The less talked on this head in the present state of ignorance the better.

Incidentally such a brotherhood of free nations may do much for the world in various ways, and it would do well to speak most of these and keep its attention upon them, but its first and primary though often silent aim is that for which it has even now been called into being, the suppression of international wrong and robbery, insistence on fulfilment of

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unrepealed treaties and maintenance of the supremacy of International Law. Only in the future it must act betimes, before any catastrophe has happened; and it must be so strong that no nation could think of challenging its decisions.

Towards making effective this police force every citizen should be trained, each in his or her appropriate work. There should be no professional army, nor any set of men whose career depends upon successful fighting. War should come, if it come at all, as an interruption to useful pursuits, a call like that of fire or storm, when everyone has been drilled to take his appointed place and to do his pre-appointed work. The discipline would be healthy, the encroachment on time but small, and the need for its employment rare.

A civilian army should be no menace, any more than a police force is a menace. The real menace to civilization is destructive machinery, the enslavement of mankind by inhuman instruments of destruction. So the production of these should be controlled: else will the energy and invention and skill of mankind be devoted with ever increasing ardor to devices of inflicting wholesale death. Already the resources of civilization have been bitterly abused, and scientific research prostituted to unholy ends. If this goes on there will be no end to the improvement of means of destruction, until the planet itself becomes unsafe. Some day the secrets of atomic energy may be unlocked, and vast stores become available. If all that new power is used for beneficent ends, well; but if in the interests of crime and brutality, it will be intolerable. What we have seen so far would be but the beginning, and no man can foresee the end. People seem to think that what has not been discovered can never be. Surely experience has taught us more than that. There is literally no end to the progress of discovery, and if a nation seeks to turn that power into weapons of destruction it must be dealt with before the danger has become too great.

But our hope is better than that. If only this war can end in such a way as to show that what had succeeded only too well as Prussianism has now at length proved an abject and costly failure, if we can only show that the system which overran Denmark, when England was too selfish or too lazy to oppose it, that which overran Austria and conquered France,—if we can show that this devilishly aggressive spirit has had its day and must cease to be, if we can clearly write failure as well as distress upon its tomb,—then there is hope

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that all humanity may once more awaken from its evil dream and realize that not by such aid is even earthly glory to be attained. But we must not stop till the lesson is thoroughly learnt: any inscription short of FAILURE would be a ghastly mistake. The experiment can never be tried under better conditions. Failure could not be attributed to fault in government or army, all was well planned, everything perfect, —except—the belief on which the whole was founded. Nothing is more deadly than wrong belief; as the Athanasian creed says, if you believe wrongly you are damned. It is this secular domination which is now entrusted to the allied nations to inflict, so that the poor victims of devilry may waken from their evil dream and become worthy co-workers in the cause of good once more.

That effort after world-domination inevitably brings downfall, and that the fruits of a lust to conquer the world is a bitter and ignominious defeat—that is the lesson that must be driven home, else will all our work have to be done again. But once this lesson is driven thoroughly home, with a strong and righteous indignation and with no misguided weakness or softheartedness for a temporarily brutalized and case-hardened foe, then indeed there may be hope that the tradition will sink into their bones and may become a universal heritage, so that hereafter a league of nations may seldom need to use actual force in the exercise of its police functions. Its moral power will be enough; and it can turn its attention to those other matters in which in its corporate capacity it will find itself able to serve mankind.

For incidentally such a federation or brotherhood of free states may do much towards promoting many higher aspirations. The exclusion and suppression of selfishness will be its primary aim; all its acts must aim at the good of the whole. This war has shown that such an aim is no imaginary or utopian possibility. Sacrifice for the good of the whole has become a reality. It has been accepted by individuals, and by nations also. The fact is a profoundly hopeful one. Four years ago it would not have seemed possible.

The special virtue of war is the strenuous and unselfish energy which it evokes: can we learn to continue something like the same spirit into the work of peace? There is plenty to be done, any number of difficulties to overcome, much good work to be accomplished; and if only the nations could devote themselves vigorously to these we should make a real

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advance towards a millennium which nothing but wrong-headedness and supineness on the part of humanity seems to render inaccessible.

So long as a league of nations thinks only of coercion and suppression it will encounter difficulties; those who think of this side alone regard the ideal as impossible. But what it must chiefly exercise its energies on are the corporate works of peace. Let it turn its chief attention to these, let its police agency be tacit and understood, not flaunted, but let it take all world-wide enterprises under its protective and helpful jurisdiction. The scientific world has already shown the way to an intelligent internationalism in science. In the arts there are no national boundaries. This must spread to commerce also, and then to politics; until gradually we approach the ideal—the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

OLIVER LODGE.

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GERMANY AND THE GRECO-ROMAN TRADITION

BY EMILE BOUTROUX

We have certainly no more important duty towards the present and, even more especially, towards the future, than to endeavor to form a correct conception of the significance of this war, which, as has been rightly said, is not merely a battle of forces, but a conflict of ideas. What we have to find out is in what direction humanity is headed.

Among the opinions which are held in regard to it is one that at first sight seems strange, but that nevertheless is based upon certain profound historical and philosophical considerations. We hear from more than one side that this war is in reality a rivalry between germanism and romanticism—an opinion which when first heard appears quite simple and natural. But when the persons to whom I allude make use of these terms, they have a different meaning in mind than the ordinary and obvious one.

In fact, while our first impulse is to believe that those who express themselves thus mean that the Germans are fighting for germanism and the Allies for the classic tradition, they intend to say that in the present war the Germans are fighting for the Latin ideal while the Allies are fighting for true germanism; so that it would be the Allies who were the true Germans, while the Central Powers would represent a survival of the Roman world.

How can such assertions be proved?

It is asserted that germanism in its primitive and real meaning signifies the cult of liberty and individuality, while the Greco-Roman civilization means the reducing of individuals to the condition of passive organs in an all-powerful

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State. The Roman Empire is antiquity's legacy to the modern world; Liberty, as an inherent property, divine and sacred, of the human being—that is the Teuton ideal.

Having started with such premises, it is easy to reach the following conclusions: "Do not let ourselves be misled by appearances or by words. The present war is really the conflict between the primitive and true Germany with the Germany latinized and alienated from herself by Prussia. In this war it is the Allies who are fighting for the Germanic principle, while the sham Germans are fighting for the Roman principle."

What shall we think of such opinions, expressed or implied in numerous writings to-day?

The argument implies first of all this postulate: that there is a gulf between the present Germany, said to be prussianized, and the primitive Germany, and that modern Germany is, speaking by the letter, the negation and antithesis of the old Germany.

Certainly there is a big difference between *Ach! wie ist's möglich dann* and *Was blasen die Trompeten.* But is it right to assert that between the old Germany and the Germany of to-day there has been a complete break in continuity, and that the present Germany is a mad dog (reduced to that condition by the influence of Prussia alone), and that all she needs is proper treatment to make her once more a gentle and faithful dog?

The history of Germany does not confirm this hypothesis. The Prussians are Germans. Since the seventeenth century, and particularly after the Seven Years War (1756-1763), they have been hailed by the representative German thinkers as the predestined champions of unity and, in consequence, of German supreme power. The great German thinker of the seventeenth century, Leibnitz, claimed imperiously for Germany all the countries which had formerly been attached, by any bond whatever, to the Roman Empire of the German Nation.

As for this Holy Roman Empire—its motto was the superiority of the temporal power over the spiritual power, for the reason that force comes before right, which without it has no real existence. *Macht geht vor Recht,* as Bismarck said.

I read in a book which is highly thought of in Germany, *Deutsche Kultur und Sittengeschichte* by Johannes Scherr,

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that that which characterized the primitive German society was the absolute distinction between the *Freie* and the *Unfreie* (the free and the non-free): the former enjoyed all the rights, the latter had none, and this was so not only legally, but in fact; the non-free being treated actually as things.

Now, is it not this same radical distinction between the free and the non-free—the latter the simple instruments of the former—which we find again in the conception of a world such as the Germans of to-day are fighting for: on one side the race of masters (*das Herrenvolk*), on the other, the races conquered, managed and exploited by the Germans?

From one end of Germany's history to the other runs this duality: of those who possess all the rights, and those who possess none, or only the reflexes of them which emanate from the dominating power. This régime antedates the existence of Prussia, and it does not come from Rome; it originates in Germany. The Germans who are Germans only feel themselves born, some to command as despots, others to obey like slaves; and they extend this conception of human relations over the whole of humanity.

If the conception of germanism in the thesis which I am discussing seems contrary to facts, what shall we say of the manner in which the classic tradition is expressed by this same thesis?

It is strange that the endeavor should be made to sum up this tradition in the concept of the Roman Empire, with the pretext that this form of social organization was chronologically the last which classic antiquity evolved. Suppose that a man lives one hundred and fifty years, would it be logical to say that his condition at his final hour sums up and contains all that he has been, so that if one desires to find out the essential quality of his philosophy, all that is needed is to record his last mutterings? It is only in Hegelian dialectics that the chronological order is confused with the logical order, and that Beethoven, considered as the synthesis of Bach and of Mozart, dispenses with both of them.

Classic antiquity contained other things than the birth or the development of imperial despotism. We read in Homer: "Let the stranger and the suppliant be a brother to thee," and in Terence: "I am a man and nothing human is foreign to me." In Seneca we read: "'They are slaves', you say.

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No, they are men." Classic antiquity undoubtedly was familiar with the legal distinction between slaves and free men, but the gentleness of custom tempered the harshness of the laws, and philosophers proclaimed the dogma of the dignity and equality of human kind. Justice and the law—the latter the expression of the former—this is the real legacy of Greece and Rome; this is what those ancestors stand for.

Still further: the Roman Empire itself, the corrupted expression of the antique ideal, as the dying republican hero expressed it: "the victorious cause had the gods on its side, but the vanquished cause has Cato." *"Victris causa diis placuit, sed victa Catoni."* The Roman Empire is in no way to be compared to the German Empire.

It is undoubtedly its historical predecessor; it is its mirage which from the ninth to the twentieth century never ceases to hover before the German imagination and which inspires in them an incoercible desire for unity as a condition of force and domination. But between a historical predecessor and its successor, by what right can one *a priori* claim an identity? Pascal said rightly: "the same thoughts sometimes develop differently in other minds than in that which conceived them." The German Empire, created to re-awaken for the profit of Germany the ancient Roman Empire, is Roman only in its historical genesis; in reality, it is truly *das deutsche Reich,* the Teuton Empire.

The Roman Empire was an organization founded upon absolute power that was looked upon as divine, and it is only too well known that this power often proved itself despotic—this characteristic of the Roman Empire which from ancient times has been condemned by all those nourished by the classic spirit, finds defenders to-day only in the country of Mommsen and Treitschke.

But there was something more in the Roman Empire than its autocratic form of authority. Nero and Domitian cannot make us forget Titus and Marcus Aurelius. The Empire was Roman, and in it the political, moral and social ideas of which Rome had made her substance survived in it. The Empire respected and favored that vigorous municipal life which had been one of the essential characteristics of the republican Roman civilization. The Empire did not treat nations like beasts of burden. It brought to them security, law, roads and education. The spirit in which it presented men with these essential necessities is manifested by the

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results. The peoples did not detest Rome; they loved her. It was not they, but the Barbarians who destroyed the Roman Empire. Rome did not aim to uproot the originality and the liberty of nations. Gaul before being incorporated in the Roman Empire was divided in herself and fixed in her state of civilization. Roman Gaul became a nation and foreshadowed France.

In the same way Alsace, which before 1648 was only a collection of villages without any bond between them, with no objects of activity other than local interests, acquired a common conscience and became the Alsace of to-day as soon as she had entered the family of France.

The Roman Empire was a midwife of nationalties.

Is there any need to point out that the German-Prussian Empire does not resemble it in this? As early as 1763, German historians bear witness, the Prussians were detested; since then this hatred has continued to increase. In February, 1915, Dr. Magnus Kirchfeld of Berlin gave a lecture on the subject: *Eine schwierige Frage: warum hassen uns die Völker?* ("A difficult question: Why do the nations hate us?")

Let whoever wishes to know in what measure German domination favors the native development of nations look at the Austria of Charles I, and compare it with the Austria prior to 1866. To-day the Viennese blush for having been born in Vienna.

Modern Germany has been eager to take possession of the heritage of the Roman Empire, but she has exploited this legacy in her usual way, putting her mark upon it—historic continuity is not identity.

On the other hand, classic antiquity, by virtue of the same law, cannot be considered as adequately represented by the Roman Empire, on the plea that this régime was the chronological termination of its evolution. And the complete essence of the Roman Empire itself is not to be found in absolute power, simply because power represents the form. Antiquity lives on chiefly in her great monuments, literary, philosophical, judicial and artistic, in the ideas which she brought forth, developed and bequeathed to the world, clothed in immortal beauty.

If this is the heart of the truth, Germany has assuredly greatly narrowed and degraded her spirit, which was endowed with spaciousness and richness, in order to become

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the egotistical and tyrannical master-people she intends to be to-day; but it is indeed within herself that she has found the anti-human tendencies which have caused her to borrow from antiquity just that which was most evil and reprehensible in antiquity.

And if those nations which are attached to the antique ideal have also fallen from the path—though in a spirit generally very different from the German spirit—in their abuse of unification and assimilation, they have only to endeavor to distinguish in the heritage of antiquity the essential from the accidental; the eternal from the temporal, in order to uncover as the real foundations of human life the principles of liberty, moral equality, justice, equity, mutual sympathy and goodwill, a spontaneous collaboration for great ends—which are the characteristics belonging to that humanity whose dawn Greece and Rome lighted.

There is nothing to modify in the general estimate of the present war. Germany, which fights for the domination and the exploitation of the world, is fighting for a cause of German origin; and the Allies, who are fighting for liberty, for moral equality and solidarity, for justice and right, for the cause of nationalities, are fighting also to save the essence of the classic tradition, united—let us be careful not to forget—to the Christian tradition.

EMILE BOUTROUX.

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AMERICA AT THE FRONT

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

THE first wonder to impress the civilian who visits the base of our naval effort in French waters is the good-feeling that obtains there between the French and the Americans. In a war where distinctive nationalities are allied against a common foe, there is nothing more important than a liaison, a common understanding, between the allies. It is all very well to tie two cats together, but if you throw the rope over a clothesline, the cats will not get on amicably. Our Navy has achieved harmony: the French naval officers and men respect and admire the men and officers of our Navy, and the population have as great an affection for our sailors as they have for their own.

That this state of things should exist in a city through which, during a few years, have passed armies French, British, Russian, Portuguese, Italian, Negro, and Cochin-Chinese, is due in part to the fact that, next to being a sailor and a patriot, the naval officer is by trade a traveler and a cosmopolitan. It is no less due, however, to the tact and courtesy of Admiral H. B. Wilson and his staff. In any military organization, the attitude toward a given subject on the part of his commander becomes, within twenty-four hours, the attitude toward that subject of the last man in the command.

On my arrival at the naval base, Admiral Wilson sent his aide to present me to the French Admiral: "It is the right thing to do," he said. A few days later he added: "This is a French city; Admiral Moreau is the French Admiral here; besides, his rank is higher than mine; I would not think of issuing an important order without first consulting him."

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When the men of the American flagship gave a vaudeville performance in the local municipal theatre, they sent invitations to their French comrades and reserved for Admiral Moreau the same sort of box that they reserved for their own Admiral. During the performance, the two commanders exchanged visits, and as we went out after the final curtain had fallen, Admiral Wilson turned to his aide:

"Sellards," said he—that aide, by the way, used to be a professor of French in a Pacific Coast university and had been found enlisted as a common seaman—"Sellards, say to Admiral Moreau that we all think it was mighty fine of him to come here."

Ask any American sailor in our forces in France what he thinks of the French sailors; he will answer that they are the "real stuff." What he thinks of most of the French children you do not have to ask him: nearly every man that gets shore-leave gives a regular portion of his time to playing with them. In the various ports, respectable bourgeois housewives have formed associations for the entertainment of our men and have thrown their houses open to them: if you know what French family-life used to be, you will understand what a social revolution this indicates. Where there is a country club, officers, in their scant leisure, play tennis or golf with the French members.

There was a somewhat carelessly worded Army-order to the effect that any American officer or enlisted man seen on the street with a French woman would be arrested by the American military police. The affront that this put upon the French populace was not repeated in the case of our Navy, and, indeed, the morale of all men in the base port is excellent. Offending houses have policemen stationed at their doors. When it was necessary to close one entire street, with French permission, the Admiral gave but brief attention to the naïve petition of its more than questionable female denizens, who pleaded that, their husbands and other male supporters being at the front, closure of the thoroughfare to Americans was ending their chief means of livelihood.

I recall the evening preceding the departure for America of an officer high in the French Navy. He was given, at the American Club, a dinner attended by practically every American Naval officer ashore; there were speeches, and, to a familiar naval air, there was a song with this refrain:

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Though the bar's consigné and we've climbed up to stay
To the very tip-top of the pole,
Yet our drinks, short or tall, will be Wilson—that's all:
He's the Chief of the Breton Patrol.

On the anniversary of America's entrance into the world-war, the French Naval officers gave a reception to the American. Admiral Wilson was called on to speak; he said that, since his arrival in France, Admiral Moreau had been a father to him—and he meant it. What the hosts said on their side reflected the same sort of family-feeling—a sort that I heard echoed among them when I went into their submarines or aboard their brave little submarine-chasers. The French Navy, at the outbreak of the present conflict, was in the poor condition, so far as material was concerned, in which three pacifistic administrations had left it; since then, with the means at hand, it has performed prodigies; yet it has, for our officers and men and for their infinitely superior equipment, no word of envy, no word of any kind but praise.

Comparisons are not always odious, but sometimes they are helpful in the prevention of future errors. I venture one now.

It would be untrue to deny that, in the past, we have from time to time made serious errors in our diplomatic policy, and the conduct of our military land forces, which injured, for a certain space, the excellent understanding which should have obtained between us and our Allies. It would be untrue and it would be unwise, because, now that those misunderstandings have been explained away, they should be made generally known at home in order that they be avoided for the future.

I have not been in Russia since the beginning of the war, but John R. Mott, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. and a member of our Russian war-mission, tells me that he is convinced that a proper American propaganda would have averted the Russian dêbacle. By direct contact, I was but imperfectly familiar with the state of affairs in Italy during the last winter; but Mr. Whitney Warren, who of all others should know, informs me that what would have saved the whole of Russia might have frustrated the Piave disaster. Early in the present year, at any rate, our ambassador in Rome, seeking an American to address the citizens of the Italian capital on America's military effort, selected a de-

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feated candidate for Congress, who, speaking in the Coliseum, promised his audience that what the never-vanquished United States had done for little Cuba we would do for little Italy!

Of the feeling among the English and the French I may write directly. More than a year before the great German offensive of 1918 reached its height, we Americans, speaking as participants in the world-war, promised that we should have a battling army in France "before the snow flies." The rank and file of the English and French civil populations, seeing no more clearly than we did our transportation and other difficulties, understood this as meaning that, by October, 1917, we should be holding a place in the line. The result, however, proved that they were mistaken, and a certain degree of natural disappointment resulted.

The difficulties of a liaison with the English were twofold. In the first place, there was the pernicious influence of the average text-book used as a history in our public schools, which had undoubtedly prejudiced many of our men against England, and, in the second, there were the English school-histories, which had tended to make the Englishman regard the United States as his country's unrepentant prodigal daughter. On both sides, these difficulties were being overcome by our entrance into the fight, when the British man-in-the-street began to ask where our promised land force could be hidden.

As long ago as the Summer of 1917, Sir Auckland Geddes, who was then General Campbell Geddes and is now head of the British Department of National Service, said, in a private conversation: "America will not be a fighting factor until 1919." But the man-in-the-street did not realize this. To him that "fighting army in France before the snow flies" was a vital promise, and so, as time dragged on, and the snow flew, and we, on shore, remained inconsiderable, he ceased to couple the name of President Wilson with that of President Lincoln. Even an Englishman in high political place inquired of an American correspondent, "Where are your people hiding General Leonard Wood?", and it was Lord Milner himself who, on leaving a meeting of the Versailles War Council, in the early Spring of 1918, remarked: "Before we Allies are what we should be, we must have in the north some such thing as has happened on the Piave."

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In France, our difficulties, army and diplomatic, were manifold, and that of an alien tongue was not the least of them. Ambassador Sharp speaks little French, few of our army's officers and almost none of our men spoke any. "Picking up a language," which, to the average mind, means about as much as picking up a penny from the sidewalk, by no means implies learning it. The most absurd misunderstandings befell, and the most extravagant stories were current in our ranks. There was published a statement accredited to Secretary Baker, immediately after the German's Marne offensive, to the effect that "even if the French did not hold the line, the English and American forces would win the war"; certain material sent by Mr. George Creel's Committee on Public Information and published in the Paris *Matin*, the most widely circulated newspaper in France, was condemned by the French censor.

Some coolness was reported among the military. General Pétain was of the opinion, since justified by events, that it would be well for our new Army to learn its new trade from the veteran French Army, which had mastered the work of modern war through more than three years of hard trench-fighting, just as, were the French to have been involved in our brush at the Mexican border, they would have had to learn from us the style of combat there in vogue—and from this our High Command dissented. The French, moreover, had, like the English, a great admiration for General Leonard Wood, and were also disappointed at the refusal of Colonel Roosevelt's offer to bring a volunteer division to France.

"Ah," said a great French General when Leonard Wood's name was mentioned, "there is a first-rate soldier!"

We were not in the line—that was the trouble; and France, after three weary years of invasion—France, in which there is scarce a single family that has not lost one of its members—had been given to believe that we would be.

There is a certain poor Breton widow. She had three sons, one of whom, in 1912, came to this country, thrived, and sent home money to his mother's support. Early in 1915 he received a letter from her:

"Your two brothers have been killed in battle. My son, are you going to be a coward? Come home and die for France."

The boy came home and died.

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To such people an American had to present himself in apologetic mood, had to explain early that our land forces were slow to move, but certain. They could not distinguish between our uniforms, and they mistook Y. M. C. A. workers in Paris for American soldiers enjoying themselves in the capital while Frenchmen were dying in the trenches. It was not to be wondered at that they glared in at the windows of tea-shops and grumbled at Americans drinking tea there —that they sometimes sneered at others as men that were "too proud to fight." There came a time when the American officers and French officials must have feared the hour of the general awakening to the fact of our delay.

The admirable work of the American Red Cross among the French civilian population and for the French soldiers did something to bridge the chasm thus created. The Paris *Matin* aided by securing an able American journalist to write daily for it some account of America's military effort. Influential Frenchmen, such as M. Herriot, the mayor of Lyons, inaugurated town-meetings at which they addressed their fellow-countrymen on our purposes and ideals. These all helped, but the situation remained critical.

Then came the end of March and the opening of the great German offensive.

At first we correspondents whose headquarters were then in Paris argued thus: Capitals are always critical, the strength of the opposition is inevitably bivouacked in the shadow of a Government; here an attitude of doubt is something to be expected—and yet we found surprisingly little. Even those persons whose temperaments impelled them to prepare for Hell could perceive nothing worse than Purgatory.

The air raids recommenced. Parisians watched a clear sunset with the certainty of a nocturnal attack. The sirens would utter their terrifying, long-drawn-out shrieks, and the population would make for its cellars. To be sure, it was only the soldiers home on leave, the "*permissionaires,*" that would hurry. They, knowing from a longer experience just what bombardments mean, were the earliest to seek shelter, bringing their bedding with them and falling asleep before the first explosion of the barrage heralded the whirr of the French planes and the "pump-pump" of the Germans.

Civilians came underground with tables and candles and bits of carpet and playing-cards; here and there a housewife

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complained because she had left the last course of the dinner on the fire; the children played hide-and-seek in the subterranean corridors, and there was one little lad of five who told me that, when he grew up, he would be "the man that sounded the siren." There was no complaint; but there was one unvarying refrain of regret:

"If only those 35,000 American aeroplanes had arrived, this would not have happened."

It was in those days that we discovered what is the most cheerful sound in the world. It is the bugle's merry "*Berlocq*"—the "all-clear" signal—which means that, for another night, death has been driven from the skies.

The long-distance gun, which the Parisians came at last to speak of as "Bertha," opened fire, and made day, for a while, as uncomfortable as darkness. At first everybody believed, and the official announcements declared, that its shots were bombs from aircraft at a great height. Nobody would grant, until the municipal bulletins said so, that there was indeed a gun at work, and even then the first comments were adverse.

"If that is so," said the boulevards, "the Germans are much nearer than the communiqués admit. Don't you remember 1914, when the official reports gave us good news, and the Germans were even then at our gates? Now is the moment when we need the army of the Americans."

Convinced at last, they were not displeased. Such a gun was worthy of Jules Verne. They liked to play with the idea, and they revelled in speculations.

"It is a triumph of mathematics," said a Sorbonne professor. "The world has never seen anything like it!"

A restaurant was blown to bits. A little girl, sent to the bakery, failed to return home after an explosion and was found, several hours later, alive and unhurt, in a broken drain, whither the concussion had blown her. Some people were killed. On Good Friday came the destruction of the church of which all the world has read, and the service of a congregation already in black was interrupted forever.

These things had some effect. The Germans had intended a blow at the Parisian morale, and it is idle to affirm that the blow was maladroit. When a husband left home in the morning, he told his wife where he would be at every hour of the day, so that he could be found or accounted for "if anything happened." The gun worked with a disquiet-

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ing irregularity. Presently there were long lines before the railway stations; the advertising fell off in the papers; 800,000 persons left Paris.

It is not to be supposed that there was panic, or that the situation did not right itself, even under bombardment; for, in the end, many of the 800,000 returned to Paris to face it out. At the height of the drive, however, the atmosphere was electric. The police were ordered to sound the gun-warning by beating drums; they didn't know how to beat them, and had to give it up when small boys solemnly followed them about the streets tapping tin cans. Street workers returned to their tasks, because, they said, they " weren't going to allow the Boche to interfere with their commerce "; and the postmen were ordered to continue their deliveries whether the gun was active or not: didn't the soldiers continue their work under fire? But all that was a bit later; for a while, the city held its breath.

This was when the offensive was at its worst. Friends newly arrived from England said that, although the pacifist propaganda had been stopped and labor was propitiated, London was depressed, the man-in-the-street hugging the hope of American reinforcements. In Paris, people kept in their cellars from two to four o'clock in the morning and, sent scurrying by the cannon at seven, read the newspapers with nervous haste—and doubted all they read. The communiqués were true enough, but they were twenty-four hours late. The question everywhere was:

" What has happened meantime? "

Drivers of camions that passed through Paris and engineers of trains that transported troops told their friends the things they had seen with their own eyes and the rumors they heard—and always believed—from those with whom they came in contact.

No one who visited the Government offices in those days will forget what he saw there. Messengers came and went at all hours, dashing up in motor-cars that had darted through the streets at racing speed. Telephone receivers were never on the hook. Telegraph-instruments clicked incessantly. Day or night, many of the officials never left their offices—and then, in the midst of their frantic anxiety, commissions from America, unaware of the sudden seriousness of the situation, would have to be politely received and ceremoniously entertained.

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There was the moment when some of us correspondents were told that the Germans had broken through at the point of juncture between the English and the French; the five days when the British Fifth Army fell back and back until disaster seemed inevitable; the hour when, in the highest quarters, the word was whispered to a few of us that the road to Paris was open.

Thanks to the dogged heroism of the French and the superb rally of the English, these things are over now, and we may speak of them. Then, however, we said nothing. Even many of the newspaper writers were in ignorance.

One Friday evening I came home with the knowledge that the French reserves would not be concentrated for action before Sunday, and that the outnumbered British might not be able to hold longer than Saturday night. Yet on the street that evening I met a correspondent usually well informed who said to me, with the utmost cheerfulness: "Well, they haven't got here. You see, there was nothing to worry about!"

There have been few such days of suspense as that which followed. Even the uninformed came to know that something was impending. The boulevard crowds were smaller than usual and more restless. People gathered in little knots and spoke in undertones. An American was more or less appealed to:

"Won't the General Pershing let your army come in at last? Surely he will let it come in now!"

The rank and file of the army were anxious to fight. Down at the Toul sector and in the American training-camps the men were like hounds at a hunt-meet, tugging at the leash. Our army's High Command did not feel that the time had yet arrived for changing its opinion against service under the French; but I may now make public the fact that Admiral Wilson, of our Navy, offered to the French a large unit of American sailors manning naval guns.

Meanwhile, in the Paris offices of the Government, officials waited in tense silence. They awaited what must either be a miracle or a catastrophe.

It was the miracle that happened.

The French performed it. Tired and harassed as they were, the war-weary army of that people whom we used to regard as merely mercurial said to itself: "We have to do it all over again"—and did it forthwith. The reserves that

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"couldn't get up until Sunday" got there on Saturday. They halted the Boche; they stopped the first move of the German offensive.

In Paris the gossips said that it was arguments advanced by Clemenceau and Lloyd George which changed General Pershing's attitude. Those gossips point to this sequence of events, which, though possibly not true, is at least interesting:

The military situation was serious.

In London Secretary Baker was asked to a conference with the Premier.

Mr. Baker hurried to Paris, where he was seen by M. Clemenceau.

General Pershing was called to talk to Mr. Baker.

Then General Foch, appointed to the place of generalissimo on the north of the western front, was, as such, offered by General Pershing "all we have and all we are."

Whatever the facts that led up to it, nothing could have had a better moral effect than that offer. In the eyes of our Allies, we were going to do our duty; in the eyes of our splendid enlisted men, we were giving them the big chance for which they had been so long hungry. How fully that chance was almost immediately taken advantage of there is now no need to tell any reader, English, French, American —or German.

To sum up:

What has happened in England has happened in France. The French are a people one of whose many virtues is a vast capacity for forgiveness; they can even—and this is the test of all forgiveness—forget. By the time I left France, they had renewed their faith in our War Department. On the one hand, even our enlisted men have been learning a little of the French language with characteristic cleverness—"*tout de suite,*" for instance, is soldiers' slang these days—and have gone a full half way to meet their Gallic allies. On the other hand, a French waitress said to me:

"Does monsieur see that French General eating with an American officer over there? I have been waiting on them, and when one waits one listens. *Eh bien,* I heard the French general say: 'I have seen your Americans at the front; they fight like the lions!'"

More to the point, the French enlisted man says the same thing of our enlisted men. No longer occupying only

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a " quiet sector," but fighting shoulder to shoulder with their French comrades in the hell of the German offensive and of our counter-attacks, our boys have made good in the manner in which we have always expected and the French once hoped —and now know. There is one regiment of American artillery, manning French guns, the members of which no French soldier ever fails to salute—" and," a poilu told me, " so soon as your men get here to the front in force, I know we shall feel thus toward them all."

Our greatest danger has been only that of not realizing all that we planned and promised and that, when it was announced, our Allies hoped of us and believed. With the arrival of every regiment of American troops in France—not laundry-men or lens-grinders only, however necessary these may be; but fighting men in fighting trim—that danger has diminished. Now it has almost entirely disappeared—thanks largely to the fact that we have at last a fighting army—a splendidly fighting army—in France. It was the American Navy that made this possible, and the American Navy did it without once straining the friendship of our Allies or threatening their faith in our forces afloat.

I have before me a copy of a letter recently written by a famous English Admiral. It was addressed to that fleet of destroyers which was our first fighting aid to England, and which, on being asked, as it arrived, when it would be ready to fight, replied: " We are ready now! "

Queenstown, 4th May, 1918.

On the anniversary of the arrival of the first United States men-of-war at Queenstown, I wish to express my deep gratitude to the United States officers and ratings for the skill, energy and unfailing good nature which they have all consistently shown, and which qualities have so materially assisted the war by enabling the ships of the Allied Powers to cross the ocean in comparative freedom.

To command you is an honour, to work with you is a pleasure, and to know you is to know the best traits of the Anglo-Saxon race.

LEWIS BAYLY, Admiral,
Commander-in-Chief.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

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WITH THE CONVOY

BY HENRY B. BESTON

THE ARMED GUARD

WHEN the Germans began to sink our unarmed merchant vessels, and announced that they intended to continue that course of action, it was immediately seen that the only possible military answer to this infamous policy lay in arming every ship. There were obstacles, however, to this defensive program. We were at the time engaged in what was essentially a legal controversy with the Germans, a controversy in which the case of America and civilization was stated with a clarity, a sincerity, and a spirit of idealism which perhaps only the future can justly appreciate. We could not afford to weaken our case by involving in doubt the legal status of the merchantman. The enemy, driven brilliantly point by point from the pseudo-legal defenses of an outrageous campaign, had taken refuge in quibbling—"the ship was armed," "a gun was seen," "such vessels must be considered as war vessels." We all know the sorry story. For a while our hands were tied. Then came our declaration of war, which left our Navy free to take protective measures. The merchantmen were fitted with guns and given crews of Navy gunners. This service devoted to the protection of the merchant ship is known as "the Armed Guard."

It was not long before tanker and tramp, big merchantman and grimy collier sailed from our ports fully equipped. Vessels whose helplessness before the submarine had been extreme, the helplessness of a wretched sparrow gripped in the talons of a hawk, became fighting units which the submarine encountered at her peril. Moreover, finding it no

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longer easy to sink ships with gunfire, the submarines were forced to make greater use of their torpedoes, and this in turn compelled them to attempt at frequent intervals the highly dangerous voyage to the German bases on the Belgian coast. Today, practically everything afloat sailing under an Allied register is armed. Sometimes the gun crews are British; sometimes American. The coöperation between the two Navies is at once friendly and scientific.

The guns with which the vessels were equipped are of the best, and the gun crews have been recruited from the trained personnel of the fleet. One occasionally hears, aboard the greater vessels, lamentations for gunners who have been sent on to the Guard. These crews consist of some half dozen men under the command of a chief petty officer. A splendid record, theirs. They have been in action time and time again against the Germans, have certainly destroyed submarines, and are constantly saving ships. There is many a fine tale in the records of crews who kept up the battle till the tilt of their sinking vessel made the firing of the gun an impossibility. So far, the gunners on the merchant ships have come in for the lion's share of attention. But there is another and important side of the Armed Guard service which has not yet, I believe, been called to the public notice. I mean the work of the signal men of the Guard.

The arming of the merchant ships was the first defensive measure to be adopted; the second, the gathering of merchantmen into escorted groups known as convoys. Now a convoy has before it several definite problems. If it is to make the most of its chances of getting through the German ambush, it must act as a well coördinated naval unit, obeying orders, answering signals, and performing designated evolutions in the manner of a battleship squadron. For instance, convoys follow certain zigzag plans, prepared in advance by naval experts. Frequently these schemes are changed at sea. Now if all the vessels change from plan X to plan Y simultaneously, all will go well, but if some delay, there is certain to be a most dangerous confusion, perhaps a collision. It is no easy task to keep twenty or so boats zigzagging in convoy formation, and travelling in a general direction eastward at the same time. Merchant captains have had to accustom themselves to these strict orders, no easy task for some old-fashioned masters; merchant crews have had to be educated to the discipline and method of

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naval crews. Moreover, there have been occasional foreign vessels to deal with, and the problem presented by a foreign personnel. In order, therefore, to assure that communication between the guide ship of the convoy, and its attendant vessels which is, in the true sense of an abused word, vital to the success of the expedition, the Navy places its keenest signalman on the vessels which require them. These sailors send and receive signals by flag, by international flag code, by " blinker " and by semaphore. The wireless is used as little as possible between the various vessels of the merchant fleet, indeed, practically not at all.

The system of signalling by holding two flags at various angles is fairly familiar since a number of organizations began to teach it, and the semaphore system is the same system carried into action by two mechanical arms. The method called " Blinker " has a Morse alphabet, and is sent by exposing and shutting off a light, the shorter exposures being the dots, the longer exposures, the dashes. Sometimes " blinker " is sent by the ship's searchlight, a number of horizontal shutters attached to one perpendicular rod serving to open and close the light aperture. One used to see the same scheme on the lower halves of old-fashioned window blinds. The international flag code is perhaps the hardest signal system to remember. It requires not only what a naval friend calls a good " brute " memory, but also a good visual memory. Many have seen the flags, gay pieces of various striped, patched, chequered, and dotted bunting reminiscent of a Tokio street fair. The signal man must learn the flag alphabet, committing to memory the colors and their geometric arrangement; he must also learn the special signification of each particular letter. For instance, one letter of the alphabet stands for " I wish to communicate "; there are also numbers to remember, phrases, and sentences. If a signalman cares to specialize, he can study certain minor systems, for instance, the one in which a dot and a dash are symbolized by different colored lights. A signalman must have a good eye, a quick brain, and a good memory. It is a feat in itself to remember what one has already received while continuing to receive a long, perhaps complicated message. Because of these intellectual requirements, you will find among the signalmen some of the cleverest lads in the Navy. " Giles " is such a lad, " Idaho " another, and " Steve " was always " on the job."

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The Guard has its barracks in a great American port. One sees there, the men being sorted out, equipped for their special service, and assigned to their posts. A fine lot of real seafaring youngsters, tanned almost black. The Navy looks after them in a splendid fashion. Said one of the boys to me, "if I had only known what a wonderful place the Navy was, I'd been in it long ago." The boys are sent over in the merchant ships, are cleanly lodged in excellent hotels once they get to land, and are then sent back on various liners. The Armed Guard is a real seafaring service, and its men one and all are touched by the romance and mystery of the sea. They have fallen in with strange old tramps hurried from the East, they have broken bread with strange crews; they have beheld the sea in the sullen wrath it cherishes beneath the winter skies. One and all they have stood by their guns, one and all stood by their tasks, good, sturdy American lads, gentlemen unafraid.

GOING ABROAD

Giles, who had just been sent to the Armed Guard from the fleet, was waiting for orders in a room at the naval barracks. It was early in the spring, the sun shone renewed and clear; a hurdy gurdy sounded far, far away. The big room was clean, clean with that hard, orderly tidiness which marks the habitations of men under military rule. A number of sailors, likewise waiting for their orders stood about. There was a genuine sea-going quality in the tanned, eager young faces. The conversation dealt with their journeys, with the ships, with the men, the life aboard, the furloughs in London. "Bunch of Danes . . . good eats . . . chucked Bill right out of his bunk . . . regular peach . . . saw Jeff at the Eagle Hut . . ."

Presently a boatswain entered. A man somewhere in the thirties, brisk and athletic. One could see him counting the assembled sailors as he came; the numbers forming on his soundless lip. The talk died away.

"How many men here?" said the boatswain abruptly.

Several of the sailors began counting. There was much turning round, a deal of whispered estimations. Everyone appeared to be looking at everybody else. Finally a deep voice from a corner said:

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"Anyone down for leave?"

Some half dozen, members of a gun crew just home from a long journey, called out that leave had been given them.

"Anybody on sick list?"

There was no answer. In the ensuing silence, the boatswain checked off the answers on his list.

"I suppose you all want to go out."

"Sure!"

"Get in line." The boatswain backed away, and looked with an official eye at the sturdy group.

"All here, pack up and stand by. At eleven o'clock have all your baggage at the drill office. I'll send a man up to get the mail."

The line broke up, keen for the coming adventure. Giles, the signalman, walked at a brisk pace to his quarters. You would have seen a lad about twenty-two years of age, between medium height and tall, and unusually well built. Some years of wrestling, he had won distinction in this sport at school, had given him a tremendously powerful neck and chest, but with all the strength there was no suggestion of beefiness. The friendliest of brown eyes shone in the handsome, well-poised head, he had a delightful smile, always a sign of good breeding. In habit he was industrious and persevering, in manner of life clean and true beyond reproach. Giles is an American sailor lad, a *real* "gob," and I have described him at some length because of this same reality. The sooner we get to know our sailors the better.

Back in his quarters, he busied himself with packing his bag. Now packing one of those cylindrical bags is an art in itself. First of all, each garment must be folded or rolled in a certain way, the sleeve in this manner, the collar in that (it is all patiently taught at training stations), then the articles themselves must be placed within the bag in an orderly arrangement, and last of all, toilet articles and such gear must be stowed within convenient reach. A clean smell of freshly washed clothes and good, yellow kitchen soap rose from the tidy bundles. In went an extra suit, "those trousers are real broadcloth, don't get 'em nowadays, none of that bum serge they're trying to wish on you," a packet of underwear tied and knotted with wonderful sailor knots, and last of all handkerchiefs, soap, and other minor impediments done up in blue and red bandanna handkerchiefs. You simply put the articles on the handkerchiefs and knot the four

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corners neatly over the top. There you have the sailor. Only at sea does one realize to what an extent the bandanna handkerchief is a boon to mankind. When the bag was packed, it was a triumph of industry and skill. Shouldering it, the sailor walked to the drill office. He was early. A substantial luncheon had been prepared. Just before noon, a fleet of "buses" took them to the pier.

The day was clear but none too warm, and great buffeting salvoes of dust-laden wind blew across the befouled and busy waters of the port. A young, almost boyish ensign, gave each man his final orders, and a kind of identification slip for their captains. The sailors of the Guard, wearing reefers and with round hats jammed tightly on their heads, stood backed against a wind that curled the wide ends of their blue trousers close about their ankles. Presently, grimy, hot, and pouring out coils of brownish, choking smoke, a big ocean going tug glided over to the wharf, and took them aboard. Then bells rang, the propeller churned, and the tug turned her corded nose down the bay. The convoy lay at anchor at the very mouth of the roads. A miscellaneous lot of vessels, mostly of British registration; some new, some very, very old. The pick of the group was a fine large vessel with an outlandish Maori name; Giles heard later that she had just been brought over from New Zealand. The inevitable grimy decked tankers, and ammoniacal mule boat completed the lot. An American cruiser lay at the very head of the line, men could be seen moving about on her, and there was much washing flapping in the wind. The tug went from vessel to vessel, landing a signal man here, a gun crew there. One by one the lads clambered aboard to shouts of "See you later," and "Soak 'em one for me." Giles was almost the last man left aboard the tug. Presently he darted off busily to a clean little tramp camouflaged in tones of pink, gray, and rusty black. The tug slid alongside caressingly. There were more bells; a noise of churning of water. Over the side of the greater vessel leaned a number of the crew, a casual curiosity in their eyes. Seafaring men in dingy jerseys opening at the throat and showing hairy chests. A putty-faced ship's boy watched the show a little to one side. Presently an officer of the ship, young, deep chested and with a freshly healed, puckering, star-shaped wound at the left hand corner of his mouth, came briskly down the deck, and stood by the head of the ladder.

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Giles caught up his bag, clambered aboard, and reported. The officer brought him to the captain. Then when formalities were over, the second mate took him in charge, and assigned the lad his quarters and his watches.

The convoy set sail the next morning just as a pale, cold, and unutterably laggard dawn rose over a sea stretching, vast and empty, to the clearly marked line of a distant and leaden horizon. The escorting cruiser, flying a number of flags, was the first to get under way; and behind her, followed the merchantmen in their allotted positions, each ship flying its position flag.

Giles watched the departure from the bridge. Behind him the city rose silent above the harbor mist; ahead, rich in promise of adventure and romance, lay the great plain of the dark, the inhospitable, the unsullied, the heroic sea.

GRAIN

THIS is " Idaho's " story. He told it to me when I met him coming home early this summer. We were crossing in a worthy old transatlantic which has since gone to the bottom, and Idaho, at his ease in the deserted smoking room, unfolded the adventure. " Idaho, U. S. N.," we called him that aboard, is a very real personage. I think he told me that he was eighteen years old,—medium height, solidly built, wholesome looking. The leading characteristic of the young, open countenance is intelligence, an intelligence that has grown of itself behind those clear gray eyes, not a power that has grown from premature contact with the world. Until he joined the Navy, I imagine that Idaho knew little of the world beyond his own magnificent West. I consider him very well educated; he declares that preferring life on his father's ranch to knowledge, he cut high school after the second year. He is a great reader, and likes good, stirring poetry. He is an idealist, and stands by his ideals with a fervor which only youth possesses. And I ought to add that Idaho, in the words of one of his friends, is " one first-class signal man." This is Idaho's story, pieced together from his own recital, and from a handful of his letters.

The crowd aboard the naval tug was so festive that morning, and there was such a lot of scuffling, punching, imitation boxing and jollying generally that Idaho did not see the vessel to which he had been assigned till the tug was close

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alongside. Then, hearing his name called out, the lad caught up his baggage, and walked on into the open side of a vast, disreputable tramp. The lad later learned that she had been brought from somewhere in the China Sea. The *Sebastopol,* heaven knows where she originally got the name, was a ship that had served her term in the west, had grown old and out of date, and then been purchased by some Oriental firm. Out there, she had carried on, always seaworthy in an old fashioned way, always excessively dirty, always a day over due. When the submarine had made ships worth their weight in silver, the *Sebastopol* must have been almost on the point of giving up the ghost. Presently, the war brought the old ship back to England again. Her return to an English harbor must have resembled the return of a disreputable relative to an anxious family. And in England, in some tremendously busy shipyard, they had patched her up, added a modern electrical equipment and even gone to the length of new boilers. But her engines they had merely tuned up, and as for her ancient hull, that they had dedicated to the mercy of the gods of the sea.

Once aboard, and assigned to his station and watches, the lad had leisure to look over his companions. The *Sebastopol* carried a crew from Liverpool, and was officered by three Englishmen and a little Welsh third mate. The captain, a first mate of many years' experience, to whom the war had given the chance of a ship, was in the forties; tall and with a thin, stern mouth under a heavy brown mustache; the first mate was a mere youngster; the second, a middle aged volunteer, the third, an undersized, excitable Celt with gray eyes and coal black hair touched with snow white above the ears. The Welshman took a liking for Idaho; used to question him in regard to the West, being especially keen to know about "opportunities there after the war." He had a brother in Wales whom he thought might share in a farming venture. Of the captain the lad saw very little; and the first mate was somewhat on his dignity. Practically every man of the crew had been torpedoed at least once, many had been injured, and had scars to exhibit. All had picturesque tales to tell, the gruesomest ones being the favorites. The best narrator was a fireman from London, a man of thirty with a lean chest and grotesquely strong arms; he would sit on the edge of a bunk or a chair and tell of sudden thundering crashes, of the roaring of steam, of bodies lying

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on the deck over which one tripped as one ran, of water pouring into engine rooms, and of boilers suddenly vomiting masses of white hot coal upon dazed and scalded stokers. It was the melodrama of below the water line. Then for days the narrator would keep silent, troubled by a pain in one of his fragmentary teeth. All the men kept their few belongings tied in a bundle, ready to seize the instant trouble was at hand. The cook complained to Idaho that he had lost a gold watch when the *Lady Esther* was torpedoed off the coast of France, and advised him paternally to keep his things handy. One of the oilers, a good natured fellow of twenty-eight or nine, had been a soldier, having been invalided out of the service because of wounds received late in the summer on the Somme. He would tell of an Australian cousin who "went west." An interesting lot of men for an American boy to be tossed with, particularly for a lad as intelligent and observing as our Idaho. The boy was pleased with his job and worked well. He did not have very much to do. Signalling aboard a convoyed ship though a frequent business, is not an incessant one. He knew that his work would come at the entrance to the zone. Sometimes he picked up messages intended for others, "*Mt. Ida,* you are out of line," "*Vulcanian,* keep strictly to the prescribed zigzag plan." Now he would see the *Silician* asking for advice; now there would be a kind of telegraphic tiff between two of the vessels of the "Keep further away, hang you," order. Twenty ships running without lights through the ambush of the sea twenty ships, twenty pledges of life, satisfied hunger, . . . victory. In other days, one's world at sea was one's ship, a convoy is a kind of solar system of solitary worlds. Hour after hour, the assembled ships straggled across the great loneliness of the sea.

The crew had a grievance. It was not against their officers, but against His Majesty's Government, against "a bloody lot of top hats." A recent regulation had forbidden sailors to import food into the United Kingdom, and all the dreams of stocking up "the missus'" larder with American abundance had come to naught. Idaho says that there was an engineer who was particularly fierce. "Don't we risk our lives I arsk yer," he would say, "bringing stuff to fill their deleted guts, and now they won't even let us bring in a bit of sugar for ourselves." The rest of the crew would take up the angry refrain; a mention of the food regula-

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tions was enough to set the entire crew "grousing" for hours.

And then came trouble, real trouble.

On the fifth day out Idaho, called for his early watch, found the boat wallowing in a heavy sea. The wind was not particularly heavy, but it blew steadily from one point of the compass, and the seas were running dark, wind-flecked, and high. The *Sebastopol,* accustomed to the calm of eastern seas, was pitching and rolling heavily. Presently the cargo began to shift. Now, to have the cargo shift is about the most dangerous thing that can happen to a vessel. One never can tell just when the center of gravity of the mass will be displaced, and when that contingency occurs, the big iron ship will roll over as casually and as easily as a dog before the fire. It takes courage, plenty of courage, to keep such a ship running, especially if you are down by the boilers or in the engine room. You have to be prepared to find yourself lying in a corner somewhere looking up at a ceiling which, strange to say, has a door in it. The *Sebastopol* leaned away from the wind like a stricken man crouching before a pitiless enemy; the angle of her smokestack more than anything else betraying the alarming list. In her stricken condition, the ship seemed to become more than ever personal and human. Presently her old plates bulged somewhere, and she began to leak.

The vessel carried a cargo of grain, in these days more than ever a cargo epical and symbolic; a holdful of rich grain, grain engendered out of fields vast as the sea, bred by the fruitful fire of the sun, rippled by the passing of winds from the mysterious hills, grain, symbolic of satisfied hunger, life . . . victory. A cargo of grain, life to those on land, to those on board, danger and the possibility of a violent if romantic death. The crew, too occupied with the emergency to curse the stevedores, ran hither and thither on swift, obscure errands. And the weather grew steadily worse, the leak increasing with the advance of the storm. Down below, meanwhile, a force of men hardly able to keep their balance, buffeted here and there by the motion of the ship, and working in an atmosphere of choking dust, transferred a number of bags from one side to another. Unhappily, the real mischief was due to grain in bins, and with this store little could be done. And always the water in the hold increased in depth.

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The pumps . . . orders had been given to start them directly the leak was noticed. Three minutes later the machinery and the pipes, fouled with grain, refused to work. They saw bubbles, steam, a trickle of water that presently stopped, and lumps of wet grain that someone might have chewed together and spat forth again. Idaho did a lot of signalling in code to the guide ship of the convoy. The *Sebastopol* began to drop behind. An order being given to sleep up on the boat deck so as to be ready to leave at any instant, the men dragged their bedding to whatever shelter they could find. The Captain appeared never to take any time off for sleep. Day after day, through heavy seas, under a sky torn and dirty as a rag, the old *Sebastopol,* listing badly and sodden as cold porridge, carried her precious cargo to the waiting and hungry east. Giving up all hope of keeping up with her sisters, she fell behind, now straggling ten, now fifteen miles astern. At length the weather changed; the sea became smooth, blue and sparkling, the sky radiant and clear.

Then the destroyers came. There was a parley, and the other vessels of the convoy zigzagged wildly for a while in order to allow the *Sebastopol* to catch up. But in spite of all attempts, the old ship fell behind again and was suffered to do so, lest the others, compelled to adopt her slow speed, be seriously handicapped in their race down the gauntlet. Then it was discovered that the leak had gained alarmingly; there was even talk of abandoning the vessel and taking to the boats. A try was made to pump out the boat with an ancient hand engine. The contrivance clogged almost at once. According to Idaho, it was much like trying to pump out " a thick bran mash such as they give sick calves." And they were only two days from land. Barely afloat, just crawling, and with the submarine zone ahead of them. . . . But the gods were kind, and the old boat and the solitary destroyer went down the channel and across the Irish sea as safely as clock-work toys across a garden pool. Yet they passed quite a tidy lot of wreckage. Nearer . . . nearer all the time, till late one afternoon two big tugs raced to meet them at the mouth of a giant estuary. The *Sebastopol* was at the end of her tether. Another day, and it would have been a case of taking to the boats. . . . The tugs hurried her into a waiting dry dock.

Idaho, his papers signed, his bag upon his shoulder, got

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into a little tender which was to take him over to the harbor landing. Looking up, he saw some of the crew leaning over the rail. . . . They grinned with friendly, soot-streaked faces, waved their arms. . . . The *Sebastopol* was safe, the rich cargo of grain, the life-giving yellow grain was safe. . . . The tug slid off into the busy, noisy riverway.

And thus came Idaho of the Armed Guard to the Beleaguered Isles.

THE RAID BY THE RIVER

THE convoy of merchantmen, after a calm, quite uneventful voyage across the ambushed sea, put into a port on the Channel for the night, and the following morning dispersed to their various harbors. Some sort of coast patrol boat "not much bigger than an Admiral's launch"—the words are those of my friend Steve Jordan of the Armed Guard, took the S.S. *Snowdon* under her metaphorical wing, and brought her up the Thames. This *Snowdon* was one of a fleet of twelve spry little tramps named for the principal mountains of the kingdom, a smart, well-equipped, well-ordered product of the Tyne. Steve, quick, clever and alert, had got along capitally with the "limeys." His particular pals were a pair of twin lads about his own age, young, English, blond, and grey-eyed; young, slow to understand a joke, honest, good-tempered, and sincere. I have seen the post-card photograph of themselves which they gave Steve as a parting gift. Steve himself is a Yankee from the word go, a genuine Yankee from somewhere along the coast of Maine. He stands somewhat below medium height, is lean faced and lean bodied, his eyes twinkle with a shrewd good humor. A great lad. He tells me that his people have been seafaring folk for generations.

The *Snowdon,* escorted by her tiny guard, ran down the coast, entered the Thames estuary, passed the barriers, and finally resigned herself to the charge of a tug. Late in the afternoon the mass of London began to enclose them; they became conscious of strange, somewhat foul, land smells; the soot in the air irritated their nostrils. The ship was docked close after dusk. The feeling of satisfaction which seizes on the hearts of seamen who have successfully brought a ship into port entered into their bosoms; everybody was happy—happy in the retrospect of achievement, in the prospect of peace, security, good pay, and good times.

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Their vessel lay in a basin just off a great bend in the river, in a kind of gigantic concrete swimming pool bordered with steel arc-light poles planted in rows like impossibly perfect trees. To starboard, through another row of arc poles and over a wall of concrete, they could see the dirty majesty of the great brown river and the square silhouetted bulks of the tenements and warehouses on the other side. To port lay a landing stage some two hundred feet wide, backed by a huge warehouse over whose dingy roof two immense chimneys towered like guardians. The space stank of horse; the river had lost the clean smell of the sea, and breathed a reek of humanity and inland mire. A mean cobble-stoned street led from a corner of the landing space past wretched tenements, fried fish shops, and pawnbrokers' windows exhibiting second-rate nautical instruments, concertinas, and fraternal emblems. It was all surprisingly quiet.

Steve, hospitably invited to remain aboard, went to the starboard rail and stood studying the river. The last smoky light had ebbed from the sky; night, rich and strewn with autumnal stars, hung over the gigantic city, and a moon just passing the first quarter hung close by the meridian, and shone reflected in the pool-like basin and the river's moving tide. One of the huge chimneys suddenly assumed a great, creamy-curling plume of smoke which dissolved mysteriously into the exhalations of the city. From down in the crew's quarters came the musical squeals of a concertina, and occasional voices whose words could but rarely be distinguished. The arc lights by the basin edge suddenly flowered into a dismal glow of whitish yellow light strangled by the opaque hoods and under cups affixed by the anti-aircraft regulations. Another concertina sounded further down the street. The moonlight, like a kind of supernal benediction, fell on smokestack and funnel, on shining grey wire and solemn, rusted anchor, on burnished capstain and finger-smudged door. Heat haze, flowing in a swift and glassy river, shone above the smokestack in the moon.

Suddenly Steve heard down the street a sustained note from something on the order of a penny whistle, and an instant later a window was flung up and a figure leaned out. It was too dark to see whether it was a man or a woman. Then the same whistle was blown again several times as if by a conscientious boy, and a factory siren with a sobbing

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human cry rose over the warehouses. At the same moment the lights about the deck flickered, clicked and died. There was a confused noise of steps behind, there were voices—"Hey, listen!" "Wot's that?" (the last in pure cockney), and a questioning, doubting Thomas voice said, "A raid?" The figure of the captain was seen on the bridge. One of the ship's boys went hurrying round, doing something or other, probably closing doors. The twins strolled over to Steve, and informed him in the most casual manner that they were in for a raid. It was Steve's first introduction to British unemotionalism, and I imagine that it rather let him down. He says that he himself was "right up on his tip-toes." He also had a notion that bombs would begin to rain from the sky directly after the warning. The twins soon made it clear, however, that the warning was given when the raiders were picked up on the east coast, and that there was generally some twenty minutes or half an hour to wait before "the show" began. Every once in a while somebody in the group would steal a look at the pale worlds beyond the serried chimney pots, and at the moon, guiltless accomplice of the violence and imbecilities of men.

Presently a number of star shells burst in fountains of coppery bronze. Every hatch covered, every port and window sealed, the *Snowdon* awaited the coming of the raiders. Whistles continued to be heard, faint and far away. From no word, tone or gesture of that English crew could one have gathered that they were in the most dangerous quarter of the city. For the one indispensable element of a London raid is the attack on the waterfront, the attack on the ships, the ships of wood, the ships of steel, the hollow ships through which imperial Britain lives.

There is little to be seen in a London raid unless you happen to be close by something struck by a bomb. The affair is almost entirely a strange and terrible movement of sound, a rising, catastrophic tide of sound, a flood of thundering tumult, a slow and sullen ebb.

"There! 'Ear that?" said someone.

Far away, on the edge of the Essex marshes and the moonlit sea, a number of anti-aircraft guns had picked up the raiders. The air was full of a faint sullen murmur, continuously as the roar of ocean on a distant beach. Searchlight beams, sweeping swift and mechanical, appeared over London; the pale rays searching the black islands between

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the dimmed constellations like fingers of the blind. They descended, rose, glared, met, melted together. The sullen roaring grew louder and nearer, no longer a blend, but a sustained crescendo of pounding sounds and muffled crashes. A belated star shell broke, and was reflected in the river. A police boat passed swiftly and noiselessly, a solitary red spark floating from her funnel as she sped. . . . The roaring gathered strength . . . The guns on the coast were still; now one heard the guns on the inland moors, the guns in the fields beyond quiet little villages, the guns lower down the river . . . they were following the river . . . now the guns in the outer suburbs . . . now the guns in the very London spaces—ring, crash, tinkle, roar, pound! The great city flung her defiance at her enemies. Steve became so absorbed in the tumult that he obeyed the order to take shelter below quite mechanically. A new sound came screaming into their retreat, a horrible kind of whistling zoom, followed by a heavy pound. Steve was told that he had heard a bomb fall. "Somewhere down the river." . . .Nearer, instant by instant, crept the swift, deadly menace. A lonely fragment of an anti-aircraft shell dropped clanging on the steel deck.

"You see," explained one of the twins in the careful, passionless tone that he would have used in giving street directions to a stranger, "the Huns are on their way up the river, dropping a kettle on any boat that looks like a good mark, and trying to set the docks afire. The docks always get it. Listen!"

There was a second "zoom," and a third close on its heels.

"Those are probably on the 'Aetna' basins," said the other twin. "Their aim's beastly rotten as a rule. If this light were out, we might be able to see something from a hatchway. Mr. Millen (the first mate) makes an awful fuss if he finds anyone on deck. I know what's what, let's go to the galley; there's a window that can't be shut." . . . The three lads stole off. Beneath a lamp turned down to a bluish yellow flame the older seamen waited placidly for the end of the raid, and discussed, sailor fashion, a hundred irrelevant subjects. The darkened space grew chokingly thick with tobacco smoke. And the truth of it was that every single sailor in there knew that the last two bombs had fallen on the "Aetna" basins, and that the *Snowdon* would be sure to catch it next. By a trick of the gods of chance, the vessel

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happened to be alone in the basin, and presented a shining mark. The lads reached the galley window.

By crowding in, shoulder to shoulder, they could all see. The pool and its concrete wall were hidden; the window opened directly on the river. Presently came a lull in the tumult, and during it Steve heard a low, monotonous hum, the song of the raiding planes. More fragments of shrapnel fell upon the deck. The moon had traveled westward, and lay, large and golden, well clear of the town. The winter stars, bright and inexorable, had advanced . . . the city was fighting on. Suddenly the three boys heard the ominous aerial whistle, one of the twins slammed the window to, and an instant later there was a sound within the dark little galley as if somebody had touched off an enormous invisible rocket, . . . a frightful " zoom " and impact . . . silence. They guessed what had happened. A bomb intended for the *Snowden* had fallen into the river. Later, somewhere on land, was heard a thundering crash which shook the vessel violently. A pan or something of the kind hanging on the galley wall fell with a startling crash. " Get out of there, you boys," called the cook. Ship's galleys are sacred places, and are to be respected even in air raids. And then . . . even more slowly and gradually than it had gathered to a flood, the uproar ebbed. The firing grew spasmodic, ceased within the city limits, . . . lingered as a distant rumble from the outlying fields, and finally died away altogether. The sailors, released by a curt order, came on deck. The top of the concrete wall was splashed and mottled with dark puddles and spatters of water. . . . All agreed that the bomb had fallen " bloody close." The peace of the abyss ruled above. Far down the river there was an unimportant fire.

Said Steve: " I certainly was sore when I didn't have any excitement on the way over in the convoy, but after that night in the *Snowdon* I decided that being with the Armed Guard let you in for some real stuff. It's a great service."

With which opinion all who know the Guard will agree.

HENRY B. BESTON.

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"FREEDOM" OF THE PRESS?

BY RICHARD BARRY

THERE exists in the United States to-day a control of the press and a suppression of vital news and public discussion which it is difficult to parallel in English-speaking countries unless one goes back to the time of King James. As yet the eclipse is only partial, but unless effective attention is called to the fact, it is not inconceivable that it may become total.

Fundamentally, the laws regarding free speech and a free press are the same to-day as they were before our declaration of war. It is the general conviction, therefore, that free speech and a free press still exist. Everyone agrees that on the subject of disloyalty there can be no equivocation, and the ordinary mental attitude of the average American toward this problem is that it is better to suffer free speech and a free press to be in some measure curtailed if that is the price necessary to pay for the suppression of all disloyalty. However, the question remains: Are the powers now exerted by various departmental heads at Washington used solely for the generally sanctioned purpose of suppressing disloyalty?

It must not be assumed, in considering these facts, that the President in his own person is aware of the full extent of their indirect bearing, or even, in many instances, of their direct bearing. They are largely the result of an assumed authority only partially committed to his appointees. The President, in the minds of many, symbolizes the sovereignty of the United States. No one will impute to that a wrong intent; but, under its cloak, many wrongs, some unwittingly, some with intent, may be committed.

To consider impartially this matter it is necessary to examine the record.

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Shortly after the beginning of the war, the Associated Press, the United Press, and the other news agencies voluntarily announced that they would send to their clients only such material as should conform to the Governmental requirements. While the attempt was made to have this appear a restriction for the purpose of preventing the circulation of any information of value to the enemy, it became in effect a political control denying circulation, through these accepted channels, of all facts which it is proper that the American public should know, but which certain agents of the Administration might not desire to have circulated.

A case in point was the method used by these agencies in recording so momentous a matter as the report of the Senate Sub-Committee on Military Affairs on aircraft conditions. This report was undoubtedly of stupendous detailed interest to the country. Yet only one newspaper, the New York *Times,* carried it in full, to the extent of an entire page. The Associated Press sent out little more than a column, largely generalizations, and very evidently a dispatch previously submitted to official "guidance." As Senator Lodge said on the floor of the Senate: "Our enemies know the contents of the report, our Allies know the contents of it, and the only people who do not know about it are the people of the United States." It can hardly be denied that the people of the United States were the ones who had the most right to know what a committee of Senators had to say after full investigation of the aircraft situation.

Those who think that the activities of the Government in suppressing newspapers have been directed only against pro-German publications should consider what happened to those who presumed to go beyond the reports of the Associated Press and other recognized news bureaus and published, from their own sources, more complete details about this aircraft investigation. The *Christian Science Monitor,* for instance, a newspaper certainly not radical in its editorial policy and unusually conservative in its news policy, was denied circulation for three days as a punishment for its publication of and comment on the aviation report. The Detroit *News,* for the same reason, was barred from circulation in Canada, where it usually sends 30,000 copies. The absurdity of this may be seen from the fact that the Montreal *Star,* the direct rival of the *News* for its Canadian circulation, published the aircraft report almost in full and, of course,

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with impunity. The New York *Times* has always been a stalwart supporter of the Administration and has never been accused of divulging military secrets; yet its foreign edition containing the aviation report was suppressed without notification.

In commenting on these facts Senator Lodge said to me, in an authorized interview:

> The purpose of the Government is plain. If material appears which the Government says cannot be sent abroad, that will tend to make every newspaper refuse to publish that matter. The effect of this Governmental order would be to prevent the publication of anything relating to the aircraft situation in the newspapers by refusing the mails to them to go abroad. All important newspapers send more or less copies to Europe. If the publication of any matter will prevent their going abroad, cost them money, involve the loss of postage and all of that, of course, they will omit such matter altogether, and it will never reach the American people.
>
> The order of the War Industries Board, cutting down the space to be used by newspapers, further separates the American people from their sources of information. Whatever was the design of this order, the effect is unmistakable. It can only result in the very considerable reduction of special correspondence and special articles in all newspapers. The available space that will be left, newspapers will be obliged to use for such necessary items as the casualty lists, official reports, and a certain amount of restricted news from the battle-front. By this sweeping order the Government has very considerably reduced, if it has not entirely eliminated, the volume of special interpretation sent from Washington and other important centers.
>
> Therefore I look at this order of the War Industries Board as only another step in what is apparently a comprehensive plan to prevent the American people from learning anything about the war, or its conduct, except such information as it is desired shall be given out. The Associated Press and all other news agencies serving American newspapers have agreed to submit to censorship, and the only way in which they can exist at all is by slavishly obeying the behest of those in control of the Government.
>
> In addition to all this reports have come to me that many small newspapers throughout the country fear to make any independent report of, or any independent comment on the news of the day because of coercion, and the attitude taken by most of them is the easy one of preferring existence on the Government's terms rather than the surely hazardous one of attempting to perform a difficult duty toward their readers.
>
> In the light of these various facts it appears that the United States has already reached that period of darkness which it was feared by many of us who predicted it on the floor of the Senate would arrive if extra constitutional powers were granted to the Government. If it is possible to prevent the full text and meaning of such a report

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as that of the Senate Sub-Committee on Aviation from reaching all classes of American citizens, then how are our people, who deserve to know the truth about their war, for it is emphatically their war, to be sure that any of the information being served them is reliable? If the corps of specially trained writers accustomed to serve the newspapers from Washington and other chief centers is to have its opportunity for expression choked off, then who henceforth will have confidence in the dry official reports, relieved only by the questionable interpretation of an official press bureau?

These conditions do not seem possible in America, and it does not seem possible that America will tolerate them once it becomes fully aware of their meaning and extent.

However, Senator Lodge touched only the high points of the situation. For instance, he did not mention the results that have come about through the operation of the Postal Zone Rate Law, and which he himself, among others in the Senate, predicted before its passage. Metropolitan papers have lost readers by the tens of thousands through the operation of this law, while to national magazines a desperate blow has been dealt. It is only metropolitan papers and magazines which, by virtue of large staffs at Washington and elsewhere, are able to give the whole American public its accustomed complete news service. By that I mean news interpretation, analysis of public policy. Smaller newspapers, because of mechanical and financial limitations, are able to handle only local news, and whatever is telegraphed to them by press associations. They have not the space to print nor the money to buy the service of the larger and more important news agencies which go behind the scenes, giving the meaning of a Congressional debate or of the activities in committee rooms, or of events of political significance.

The press associations carry only " inspired " news. They give out only what is desired by departmental heads in Washington. They give out no independent interpretation of this news, and if such an interpretation is attempted by others it is rendered difficult by reduction of space in large newspapers.

Another event which has contributed to the isolation of the smaller communities of America is the order of the War Industries Board compelling newspapers to discontinue their exchanges. Larger dailies are not embarrassed by this, because they pay cash for each other's publications. But the smaller publisher who must go down into his pocket for the metropolitan papers he hitherto received, often cannot afford

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to do this, so he is left without his independent source of genuine news material, curtailed though that is.

As a direct result of the Postal Zone Rate Law and of the rulings of the War Industries Board, the country editor and the small town are more isolated and more provincial to-day than at any time within the past half century.

The editor of the large daily, however, need not feel any too confident that he is getting all the news. The War Industries Board has cut down the amount of news matter that large dailies may print, beginning September first. It was announced that this was done to save white print paper, five tons of which are being sent out every day by the Administration's public agencies. However, the ruling was evidently not aimed primarily at paper, but at "reading matter." Under this ruling the publisher is not allowed to decide for himself how much reduced space he may give to news editorial matter and how much to advertising, even if he might elect to curtail his advertising at his own expense. The ruling of the War Industries Board does not permit him to do so. He is obliged to cut his "reading matter" on a sliding scale of from five to fifty per cent, depending on the amount of columns he had previously published, *although no restriction is placed on advertising.* In the mind of The War Industries Board, evidently, print paper consumed in advertising does not deplete the country's stock as does that consumed in printing reading matter.

It can readily be seen how this order cuts out the trained correspondent, the special interpretation of news and attending editorial comment, especially from contributors, whether these be professional or political. In fact, it has had a tendency to dry up at its source the wellspring of the Washington correspondent and to force out of existence for the period of the war that small corps of specially trained newspaper and magazine writers who have furnished the journalistic leaders of public opinion. Discussion of policies, analysis of news, the "inside" of things as they really exist, are in a fair way to being stifled.

If one mind conceived this comprehensive scheme of news limitation and control, it did not overlook the possibility that some organization might find a way to evade the restrictions. Apparently with this end in view, the War Industries Board has ruled that: "During the war no new paper shall be established." No new enterprise has yet started with suffi-

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cient backing of courage and finances to discover if the Supreme Court will uphold this order in the face of the Constitutional guarantees regarding the freedom of the press.

Under present war conditions there is no profit-making incentive to start a new newspaper. Labor is so high, paper is so high, machinery is so difficult to obtain, advertising so decreased, the price-fixing and the limited production of non-essentials are becoming so much more rigid, that it makes the establishment of any publication for profit practically out of the question. At the present time the only incentive for starting a publication would be that of providing a genuine medium for information or, perhaps, to plead a special cause. A new paper would not be limited in the amount of "reading matter" it might handle, because there would be no past record on which to form a basis for computing its allotment of news matter; therefore, the War Industries Board ruling on the subject of decreased space for "reading matter" could not be effective against a new publication.

This ruling did not make any exception. It did not specify that new publications would be obliged to subject themselves to supervision. It was simply a blanket order covering any and all possible publications. Of course no one would expect the Government to permit *The Fatherland* to be revived, any more than anyone would expect the Government to sanction a paper called *For Kaiser and Country;* but, at the same time, if anyone desired to start a paper to plead a cause or champion a principle, such a periodical would have to die before it was born, just as if it were the yellowest pro-German sheet. An illuminative insight into the point of view of the Governmental agents was offered by Mr. Baruch, Chairman of the War Industries Board, who, in reply to a protest against this ruling, said: "In the eyes of the Board there is no distinction between a newspaper and a factory." In other words, to Mr. Baruch (who, so far as this matter is concerned, is for the moment the spokesman of the Government) there seems no difference between a Free Press as guaranteed by the Constitution and the production of toy balloons.

Early in August Mr. Burleson announced that in his very great zeal to serve the press he purposed to take over the "news wire" so that (as he disingenuously announced) he might "provide for the press the most efficient wire facilities

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under Government control." The intent of this was obvious to all newspaper men, for the "news wire" has long been the best organized function of the entire telegraph service. It has always been given preference over market and commercial wires. It has always been the first wire up after disasters like the Galveston flood or the San Francisco fire. It has always been humanly perfect; it is less in need of attention or improvement than any mechanical service in the country.

Therefore, one need not be surprised when he finds the allegation made that this bringing of the news-service under the control of the Postmaster-General and the political interests he represents means a censorship of all news; not by the frank method of the blue pencil, but by the devious method of official delay, holding it up until its news value is lost. Correspondents handling material obnoxious to Mr. Burleson and his associates may expect at any time to hear the plea that "pressure of official business" is requiring the full capacity of the news wires. One need not be unduly imaginative to see how the mechanical control of the Wire Service by such a potentate may hamper, embarrass, and even paralyze news, however legitimate, however vital to the safe conduct of public opinion it may be.

There is another form of control exercised over newspapers which defies all but an official inquiry. Its character may be only inferentially given. I quote the editor of a daily in Portland, Maine, who said to me: "Two editors of my acquaintance have been called to the phone recently by local Government officials who notified them that if further material of the nature mentioned was published their papers would be suppressed." This occurred just previously to the Maine election early in September. The matter referred to was solely Republican political propaganda. Its only bearing on the war lay in the fact that it aimed to prevent the election of Democrats in the place of Republicans of sound war records.

Reports of similar episodes have come from other parts of the country. The obvious reply is: "Why do these editors stand for it; don't they know their rights?" The unfortunate fact remains that most newspapers wish to avoid trouble and complications, especially with the Government, and many would rather err on the side of saying nothing than to take the chance of meeting the adverse criticism that

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would surely come if any Governmental action, just or unjust, were leveled at them.

"Editors should know their rights," Senator Poindexter has said. "If more of them would insist on these rights there would be less talk of the use by various Governmental agents of authority which they do not possess under the law. As a matter of fact, any newspaper which will courageously take a stand and which sincerely has no desire to be disloyal, can publish exactly the same material to-day that it published before the war. I believe that many of these unusual powers assumed by departmental heads would be broken if so many editors did not invite their use."

The *Nation* recently showed fight and established its rights merely by threatening to carry to the Supreme Court the case of its disbarment from the mails; it succeeded in having the Post Office remove the ban against its circulation. In describing its contention with Mr. Burleson the *Nation* said:

> Obviously, what happens to the *Nation* itself is, despite its fifty-three years of honorable and patriotic service, of little importance compared to the principles at stake. . . . Freedom of dissent is a true national safety valve; more than that, it is a mark of true democracy without which in war time any pretension to democracy lays itself open to the charge of hypocrisy.
>
> Now, we would not deny the difficulty of controlling the press in war time. With a censorship to avoid the leakage of military secrets and to prevent incitements to treason and other crimes, everybody, except a few extremists, must be in sympathy. But the difficulty about our censorship is that it has not stopped there. . . . *It seems that he (Mr. Burleson) no longer merely seeks to prevent sedition and treason, but aims to control public opinion.*

If one paper can win this fight for a free press, any paper can win it. We are not as badly off as when Milton wrote his Areopagitica. Yet each week requires its new Areopagitica.

RICHARD BARRY.

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PAN-AMERICANISM AND THE WAR

BY DANA G. MUNRO

FROM the beginning of the war in Europe, the sentiment of the majority of the people of South and Central America has been pro-Ally. France, the great contemporary representative of Latin culture, naturally commanded the sympathy of a group of nations which for a century had drawn upon her for inspiration in literature, science and art. England had long held the leading place in the commercial and financial relations of the southern continent, and was liked and respected. German *Weltpolitik* and German *Kultur*, on the other hand, were conceptions which the Latin Americans could neither understand nor appreciate. Germany's attack on her neighbors appeared to them an unprovoked and unjustifiable aggression,—a defiance of all those principles of international law which the weaker countries of America had rightly regarded as the sacred and indispensable guarantee of their own independent existence.

German diplomatic agents made a determined attempt to change the prevailing point of view by a propaganda which in scope and assiduousness far surpassed that undertaken by any of the Entente Allies. Until the British blockade almost entirely cut off communication with the home country, great quantities of periodicals, printed in Spanish and copiously illustrated, were distributed among the people of the various countries, and many native newspapers, through purchase or bribery, were made advocates of the Teutonic cause. This work was seconded by the endeavors of the numerous and generally respected German commercial colonies, who used all of their personal and financial influence to check the growth of pro-Ally sentiment. In most of the Latin American republics, however, this propaganda had

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relatively little effect. The inability of the Latin mind to comprehend the Teutonic point of view, and the accumulating and irrefutable evidence of the barbarities committed by the invading armies in Belgium and France, made worse than futile the efforts of official propagandists and paid agitators to win sympathy for the German cause.

Until the beginning of 1917, however, the sentiment in favor of the Allies was little more than that of a deeply interested spectator. The conflict was regarded as one which concerned Europe alone, although it inflicted severe hardships upon many non-European countries, and there was no thought that any of the American Governments might find itself compelled to abandon the neutrality which each had naturally assumed at the beginning of hostilities. The situation changed with the events which led to the declaration of war upon Germany by the United States. The proclamation of unrestricted submarine warfare was a blow, not only against the rights and the honor of all neutrals, but against the vital interests of countries so dependent upon foreign commerce as are the majority of the Latin American republics. Germany's action, and the response of the United States, had given a new aspect to the conflict, to which it was impossible for the other nations of the continent to remain indifferent.

Jealousy of North American leadership, and a certain amount of resentment because the Washington Government had previously refused to co-operate with them in adopting a common policy for the defense of neutral rights, made many of the South and Central American governments reluctant to accede at once to President Wilson's suggestion that they follow the example of the United States in severing diplomatic relations with Germany, but nearly all of them nevertheless officially expressed their cordial approval of our action. Two of our nearest neighbors at once prepared to render active military aid, while several others proffered the use of their harbors for our naval forces. As the summer passed, one nation after another broke off relations with Germany or formally abandoned its neutrality. An examination of their state papers and of the correspondence from them in the files of the State Department at Washington, and a study of the press of the Latin American capitals during the last twelve months, makes it clear that the attitude of our southern neighbors towards the war, since April, 1917,

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has been influenced not only by the losses which they themselves have suffered as the result of the submarine campaign, but also by their friendship for the United States. It was impossible, they declared, for them to hold aloof when their great neighbor was engaged in a struggle for the defense of its rights against aggression by a European Power. The Latin American republics which have spontaneously offered us their support have been inspired by a new ideal of Pan-Americanism, the depth and the force of which have not been adequately appreciated in the United States.

The first country to act was Cuba. Her Congress declared war on Germany, by a unanimous vote, on April 7, 1917, after President Menocal had declared that the Republic could neither remain indifferent to that country's violations of the rights of neutral nations nor "hold itself aloof or apart from the noble and valiant attitude assumed by the United States." Cuba, he said, was bound to her North American neighbor by "an intelligence so intimate that it practically amounts to an alliance that shall at any time demand from Cuba decided aid, but which demands it with greater force on an occasion like the present, in which the United States is defending the principles of human liberty, of international justice and of honor, and the security of free and independent nations, which see their rights and most vital interests threatened." Cuba's assistance has been a factor of no small importance in our war preparations. She has turned over to the United States four German ships which had been in her ports since August, 1914, and the co-operation of her Government with our Food Administration has assured the most effective distribution of her immensely important sugar crop. Her navy has not only established a patrol of her own coast, but is also reported to be guarding other portions of the Caribbean Sea. Our Government has shown its appreciation of the value of her aid by subscribing for one-half of her $30,000,000 war loan. It is to be regretted that the Cuban flag is not more often displayed in the streets of our cities beside the flags of our other partners in the war, for we have no ally which has shown a more unselfish and whole-hearted determination to assist in the defeat of the common enemy.

Panama's decision was no less prompt and emphatic. On the day after the United States declared war, President Valdez informed the world by proclamation that "the Panama-

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nian Nation will lend its decided aid to the United States of America against any enemies who execute or attempt to execute hostile acts against Panamanian territory or against the Panama Canal, or who in any way injure or attempt to injure the common interests of the two countries." A military force was at once organized to co-operate with the American garrison in the canal zone. In this way, the Republic's minister at Washington informed the American Government, Panama showed her gratitude to the United States and "the enthusiasm with which she proposes to share with them their good or evil fortune, placing at their disposal her modest, but undiminished portion of sacrifices in this hour of trial for the United States and for the liberty of the world."

The first South American country to enter the war was Brazil, the largest and the most populous of the A. B. C. Powers. This republic severed relations with Germany on April 11, 1917, because of the sinking of one of her merchant vessels. On May 29 of the same year she revoked her neutrality, in so far as the United States was concerned. In doing this, her ambassador declared to the State Department, she "recognized the fact that one of the belligerents is a constituent portion of the American continent, and that we are bound to that belligerent by traditional friendship and the same sentiment in the defense of the vital interests of America and the accepted principles of law." A month later, by revoking her neutrality between the Entente Allies as a whole and the Central Powers, the republic virtually became a participant in the war. Her navy joined the Allied patrol in the South Atlantic, assuming the task of guarding her long coast line, and measures were taken to protect her ships from attack in the war zone. The forty-six German ships lying in her harbors, aggregating 240,000 tons, were seized, and were chartered by the French Government, which placed them in service between America and Europe. The republic formally declared war upon Germany on October 26, 1917. Meanwhile her people had seized the first opportunity to show their approval of the Government's action by greeting with immense enthusiasm an American squadron under Admiral Caperton which visited Rio de Janeiro during the summer.

Brazil's immediate neighbor, Uruguay, has also emphatically expressed her conviction that the cause of the United

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States is the cause of the entire American continent. On June 18, 1917, the republic frankly offered the use of her ports to our navy, declaring that "no American country which in defense of its rights may find itself in a state of war with nations of another continent shall be treated as a belligerent." Admiral Caperton's squadron soon afterward visited Montevideo, where officers and men were feted as they had been at Rio. Despite the enthusiastic Pan-Americanism of the press and of the leaders of public opinion, a final rupture with Germany did not take place until autumn. The delay was due, apparently, to the hope that it might be possible to act in concert with Argentina. In October, 1917, when it became clear that the Government of that country was determined to remain neutral, President Viera informed the Uruguayan Congress that "it is now impossible to remain longer as simple, passive spectators in this world struggle, in which the supreme interests of democracy, which are also our interests, are in conflict with the autocracy of the German Empire,—in which countries united to Uruguay by an identical community of ideals are participating, to whom it is impossible for us not to give our aid and moral support." The Congress at once voted to sever all diplomatic and commercial relations with the German Empire.

The same sentiment of Pan-American solidarity had meanwhile found expression in other parts of the continent. In Central America, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica had broken with Germany and had offered to the United States the use of their territorial waters for military purposes. "Guatemala," her minister in Washington declared, "from the first has adhered to and supported the attitude of the United States in the defense of the rights of nations, the liberty of the seas, and of international justice, and . . . has always considered itself in unity with your great nation in the lofty principles which it has so wisely proclaimed for the good of humanity." Honduras, "bound by common interests and by the sentiment of American solidarity," announced that she had "resolved to adhere to the cause which your Government maintains in this conflict," and proffered her "decided co-operation, all that may be possible." Costa Rica and Nicaragua expressed like sentiments. When the fifth Central American Republic, Salvador, was asked to define her position, she replied that, as an American nation, she "could not but recognize, in the conflict between

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the United States and Germany, the solidarity which unites her with the great Republic of the North, in view of the spirit of Pan-Americanism which must prevail between the countries of this continent; and for the same reason her state of neutrality could not lead her to consider the United States as a belligerent subject to the ordinary rules of international law." More recently, Guatemala and Honduras have formally declared war upon Germany.

On the west coast of South America, Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador have severed relations with Germany. Bolivia, which had protested strongly against the submarine campaign as early as February, 1917, declaring that she stood with the United States in the defense of neutral rights, dismissed the German minister at La Paz on April 13 of the same year. Peru had not issued a proclamation of neutrality when the United States entered the war. On September 9, 1917, her Senate declared that " the international policy of Peru must be inspired in the principle of solidarity of the nations of the continent with the United States, in harmony with the ideals of international justice proclaimed by President Wilson." On September 26, the republic peremptorily demanded satisfaction within eight days for the destruction of a Peruvian sailing vessel by a German submarine. Failing to receive a favorable reply, she severed diplomatic relations with Germany on October 5. Ecuador took the same action two months later. She had already made clear her attitude when the former German minister at Lima, who was accredited to Ecuador also, expressed his intention of visiting her capital, for she had informed this diplomat that her Government felt that it could not receive him without doing violence to the principles of American solidarity which governed her foreign policy.

Besides these twelve countries, three of the smaller Latin American republics had also indicated their readiness to support the United States. In the Caribbean Sea, Haiti and Santo Domingo had broken with Germany soon after the United States had declared war. Paraguay, shut off from the world in the interior of South America, had expressed her regret " that military operations of the German Empire, opposed to the principles and conventions on which the rights of neutrals are founded and regulated in marine warfare, have forced the United States of America to appeal to arms in order to re-establish the rule of law by the recovery of those

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rights," and had declared that "Paraguay and its Government in these moments accompanies the United States of America and the American Government with the most lively sympathy."

At the present time, in fact, there are only five Latin American countries which have not made an emphatic official demonstration of their sympathy with the Allied cause since the United States entered the war, These are Colombia, where the bitter feeling caused by the secession of Panama is still so strong that we can hardly hope for any manifestation of friendship from her Government; Venezuela, whose military despotism has shown itself to be so strongly pro-German that the United States has forbidden the export of print paper to the government-controlled newspapers; and the three more important countries, Mexico, Chile and Argentina.

In the first weeks after the proclamation of unrestricted submarine warfare, it was feared that the rather strained relations which at that time existed between our Government and that of President Carranza might lead Mexico to assume an unfriendly attitude toward the United States, and this apprehension was increased by the publication of the Zimmerman note and by numerous incidents which appeared to indicate that there was strong pro-German and anti-American feeling both in government circles and among the people as a whole. A very unfavorable impression was created by President Carranza's suggestion, put forward when it was clear that the United States was about to enter the war, that the neutral Powers should unite in insisting that the conflict be brought to an end, and should place an embargo on all exports to the belligerents if peace did not result. Although diplomatic relations with Germany are still maintained, there have been many indications that the wave of Pan-Americanism which has swept through other parts of Latin America has not been without effect upon public sentiment in Mexico. The republic probably could not, and should not, take any part in the war in her present exhausted condition, but she might undoubtedly aid the United States very materially if she were to dismiss the German diplomatic representatives and to adopt more effective methods for checking the activities of German agents in her territory.

Chile has endeavored to maintain a scrupulous impartiality throughout the war. Her position is such that neutrality is perhaps her most logical policy. Her shipping is nearly

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all on the West Coast of the continent, where it has suffered no loss as the result of the submarine campaign, and her commercial and financial relations with both groups of belligerents have been of very great importance in her economic development. Her feeling towards the United States has, on the whole, been less friendly than that of the other West Coast Powers, and has not been improved by a few very disagreeable diplomatic incidents which have occurred during the last quarter century. While the majority of her people are probably pro-Ally, many of the officers of her German-trained army sympathize with the Central Powers, and one portion of her territory is inhabited mainly by persons of German descent. Furthermore, internal political dissensions, which have resulted in frequent changes of cabinets during the last twelve months, have prevented the formulation or consistent execution of any definite national policy. It seems unlikely, therefore, that she will modify her present attitude unless there is some unexpected development in her relations with one or the other of the two groups of belligerents.

Argentina, on the other hand, has on several occasions been on the verge of a rupture with the Central Powers. On April 11, upon receiving Secretary Lansing's note announcing the declaration of war by the United States, President Irigoyen himself wrote a reply stating that his government "recognizes the justice of that resolution, inasmuch as it was based upon the violation of the principles of neutrality made sacred by the rules of international law, which have ever been considered as the definitive conquests of civilization." Public opinion and the press have been strongly pro-Ally, and the visit of Admiral Caperton's squadron to Buenos Aires, at the invitation of the Government, was made the occasion for a great manifestation of Pan-American sentiment. Relations with Germany were strained almost to the breaking point during the summer of 1917 by the torpedoing of three small Argentine ships. After some weeks of tension, however, during which Argentina sturdily refused to recede from her demand that her ships should not be attacked in the future under any circumstances, Germany reluctantly agreed to pay an indemnity and declared that she was confident that no further incidents of a similar nature would arise. This rather equivocal statement was accepted as satisfactory in view of the assurance of the Argentine

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minister at Berlin that he considered it a promise not to attack Argentine ships in the future. After the revelation of the *spurlos versenkt* telegrams, popular feeling ran very high, and indignant mobs destroyed much of the property of the German colony in Buenos Aires. Both houses of Congress passed resolutions demanding that the dismissal of the German minister be followed by a complete rupture of diplomatic relations; but the president, who was not on the most friendly terms with the legislative body, disregarded this action and accepted the German Government's formal repudiation of von Luxburg's expressions. His attitude has caused intense dissatisfaction in Argentina, and has made him the target of severe criticism in foreign countries.

It is not fair to state, as the foreign press occasionally has stated, that the attitude of Argentina and Chile has been influenced by sympathy with Germany. The chief motive of their policy has been their desire to compel recognition of their own importance as world Powers. As the strongest non-European neutrals, they have hoped to obtain this recognition from both groups of belligerents; and they have therefore been loath to relinquish the advantages which their present situation confers upon them unless they could see a prospect of some material benefit to be gained thereby. Public opinion has been sharply divided in regard to the course which should be pursued. In each country the party which has favored neutrality has argued that the great South American republics could not with dignity sever relations with Germany unless they were prepared to make themselves real factors in the war, and that active belligerency would involve financial burdens and social and economic readjustments which they are not in a position to face. Their utmost sacrifices, it is asserted, would not enable them to assume a position of importance among the Allies, whereas the maintenance of a jealous neutrality has made it possible for Argentina, at least, to secure from Germany diplomatic concessions which even the United States could not obtain. To these arguments the pro-Ally and pro-American party has replied that the hollowness of the Argentine diplomatic victories has been demonstrated by the Luxburg revelations, and that the only actual result of the policy of neutrality has been to diminish the national prestige both in America and in Europe. The fear is expressed that if the two republics continue neutral in a war which has now become a contest

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for the preservation of Western civilization, they will forfeit the right to count upon the friendship of the Allies after the return of peace, and will consequently encounter difficulties in rebuilding their commerce and in obtaining loans for the development of their natural resources. They will also sacrifice, as indeed they have already sacrificed, much of their influence with their own neighbors, nearly all of whom have now definitely thrown in their lot with the United States.

Chile and Argentina have been made especially reluctant to abandon their neutrality because of their dislike of being, or appearing to be, drawn into the war in the wake of the United States. Arrogant assertions by North American publicists and newspaper writers of the supremacy of the United States in the Western Hemisphere have made the great Powers of the southern continent very sensitive about following our leadership and very jealous of their right of independent action. They resent the assumption that the declaration of war by their great Anglo-Saxon neighbor can impose any obligation on them to modify their attitude toward either group of belligerents. This feeling is stronger to-day than it might otherwise have been because of their disappointment at the attitude of the United States in the first months after the war broke out in Europe. At that time the South American representatives at Washington had endeavored to form a Pan-American concert for the assertion and maintenance of neutral rights, but their project had failed because our State Department had refused to join them in any really effective common action. This episode created an unpleasant impression which did much to discourage a united Latin American support of our war policy.

Since our rupture with Germany, the Argentine Government has made several attempts to form a Latin American concert independent of the United States, with the dual object of safeguarding neutral rights in the increasingly difficult situation created by our entry into the war and of counteracting the growth of friendly feeling towards our cause among the other republics of the continent. In February, 1917, President Irigoyen had proposed that a Congress should be held at Buenos Aires for the discussion of the problems confronting the American neutral Powers. His suggestion gave rise to prolonged negotiations, which were carried on with the utmost secrecy. Before the plans for the meeting had taken definite shape, opposition had de-

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veloped in several quarters, for there were serious differences of opinion as to how far the congress should go in committing the nations which participated in it to a definite policy of joint action. Some of the Powers interested wished that the United States should also be invited to send delegates. The authorities at Washington were known to disapprove of the whole project, on the ground that the congress could hardly have any useful result, and their attitude was shared by Cuba, Brazil, and Panama. After these countries had become belligerents, it was impossible for them to take part in a congress of neutrals, and a meeting held without them would have lacked the Pan-American character which was to have been its chief feature. There was little surprise, therefore, when the Argentine Government announced in July, 1917, that the congress had been indefinitely postponed because of differences of opinion between the Powers invited to attend and because of the fear that its purpose might be misinterpreted.

President Irigoyen later revived his project when the popular indignation aroused by the Luxburg disclosures forced him to take action of some kind looking to a modification of his Government's policy towards Germany; but his efforts met with even less success than during the previous spring. Most of the republics which had accepted his proposal at that time had since then despaired of realizing their aspirations for an energetic Pan-American policy under Argentine leadership, and had on their own account broken with Germany or revoked their neutrality in order that they might render active or passive assistance to the United States. It is now no longer possible to convene a Pan-American conference for the maintenance of neutral rights, for the meeting must either include many republics which have already taken sides in the war, or else be limited to a pitiful minority of the nations of the continent. In either case, it seems unlikely that it could accomplish anything of importance.

The attempt to create a Latin American concert independent of, if not hostile to, the United States has broken down completely before the conviction, which has grown stronger and stronger, that the interests and ideals for which the United States is fighting are the interests and ideals of all America. The events of the war have brought to all of the republics of the Western hemisphere a realization that

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their free development depends upon the triumph of the principles of national independence and international fair-play over the ambitions of militaristic imperialism,—a realization which has found vigorous expression not only in the press of the Latin American countries but also in the official declarations of their governments. Although individual grievances and a traditional jealousy which is in large part a legacy of tactless North American statesmen of past generations have led a few Powers to hold aloof, the majority of our neighbors have supported us with a warmth of sentiment which has been a revelation even to ardent advocates of Pan-Americanism. The action of Cuba, Panama, and Brazil, of the five Central American Republics, Santo Domingo and Haiti, and of Uruguay, Peru, Bolivia, and Ecuador, has revealed a spirit of continental solidarity and a determination to support the United States in maintaining the integrity of American rights against aggression from Europe which have completely refuted the assertions of the writers who not long ago had been informing us that the Monroe Doctrine was outworn and that Pan-Americanism was an idle dream. The American continent is nearer to-day than ever before to a practical union for the realization of the principles enunciated by President Monroe in 1823, and Pan-Americanism has become a powerful international force, which must have far-reaching significance after the present conflict.

DANA G. MUNRO.

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JAPAN IN THE WORLD WAR

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS

In 1852, President Fillmore reshaped the history of the world. By Perry's peaceful expedition to Japan, the United States was thrust westward and forward towards Asia and the scene of humanity's future activities. In relatively the same position as that in which England was placed after the discovery of America, our country now found herself. Japan was given new life. The Mikado was exalted from a cloistered hermit to be an Emperor. Russia was speeded on her race to the Pacific. In the land-hunger and desire of Czardom, to rule the largest area of the earth's surface, the bloated fancy of the Muscovite was that his military power excelled any on earth. Fillmore's policy changed all this.

Japan, when suddenly awakened, found herself surrounded by ravening Powers that looked on all Asian territory as so much prey to be rent and devoured. By the treaty of Aigun, in 1857, forced with almost Satanic diplomacy, Russia sheared off a piece of China as large as France, and faced the Pacific. Old Russia's diplomatic procedures bore a remarkable resemblance to the German military methods of today. The Great Bear's paws were now planted on Saghalien, Japan's most northern island. This bit of land, the size of New York State, valuable for its timber, furs and fisheries, was of old outlined on European maps as undetached, and part of the mainland. Known to the Japanese in the sixteenth century, it was in 1808-1809 explored, mapped, and proved by them to be an island.

On the continent, amid the forests which clothed to the water's edge both mountain and plain—after enough of the tigers had been shot off—a Russian city was built and given a name that was in itself a defiant challenge: Vladivostok,

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Dominion of the East. Soon after this the Czar's naval base was moved from Kamschatka to this place. Since the Russians possessed Alaska and the Aleutian islands, the waters of the northern Pacific were to become a Russian lake. Not yet satisfied, a Russian man-of-war seized Tsushima, and a Japanese soldier was killed while resisting. The Czar's marines then proceeded to plant the fields for food in anticipation of a long stay. Japan invoked the aid of the British navy and recovered her twin islands. Next the magnificent harbor of Masanpo in Korea, in sight of the coast of Nippon, was coveted and ultimately occupied, until British diplomacy compelled the Russians to evacuate.

Amid such politics and diplomacy, New Japan was born. Who should be her friend? In 1866, she sent her initial mission of remonstrance to St. Petersburg. There, bleatings were met with growls. Getting no satisfaction, the Land of Great Peace must revert to tusk and claw in order to live.

Whether sword or pen be the mightier has been for ages the theme of debate. In that same year, 1866, one Yokoi, admirer of Jesus of Syria and Lincoln of America, sent his two nephews to Rutgers College. Opening a new era in the relations between Orient and Occident, he started a long procession of passionate pilgrims to the shrines of western knowledge. This has not yet ceased. In 1918 there are in the colleges and universities of the United States seven thousand students from a hundred nations. In Japan, by a critical estimate, ten thousand Japanese can speak English well, and one hundred thousand read it. Yokoi's nephews were asked why they came so far. Their prompt answer was "To learn how to make big cannon, so we shall not be conquered by Russia."

In the end, brains won over force and the little one became a strong nation. Three years later, in Kyoto, Yokoi was assassinated for his liberal, or "evil," opinions. Yet not until he had won four victories. He established education as the cheap defense of the nation. He secured toleration of religion. He raised to manhood and citizenship one million outcasts, for ages unreckoned as human; and, finally, as Tacitus would say, "a brave man earns his death."

When in 1868 Japan had to create, out of feudalistic factions, a true nation, pigmy Korea insulted Japan for being recreant to Oriental culture. The samurai, made furi-

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ous, clamored for war. Iwakura and Okubo, heads of the embassy, returning in 1874 from America and Europe, opposed invasion then, because Japan would "play into the hands of Russia." The cost of this prudence was the assassination of both statesmen and the terrible civil war of 1877.

In any case, Russia meant advance. In 1895, the Czar's envoy, de Rosen, of Huguenot ancestry, played a secret game in Tokyo, under the very nose of the British minister, Sir Harry Parkes; who was wrathful enough when he found himself hoodwinked. Enomoto had gone to the Czar's capital only to come home shorn. De Rosen had all of Saghalien ceded to Russia. "In exchange," territory, already belonging to Japan, the Kuriles—the Smokers, sterile islands, which when not lost in volcanic clouds, were usually invisible in fog—were condescendingly "given" her.

Of his worthless bargain, Enomoto, as we remember well, was proud. He waxed eloquent in voice and print, urging that all should be silent and acquiesce. Yet while no man, Japanese or other, was still alive who remembers the time when Saghalien was on the maps as joined to the continent, its insular character being unsuspected, there were extant some who called the "Straits of Tartary" the "Mamiya Straits," after the Japanese explorer, Rinzo Mamiya. In a long, narrow boat, especially constructed, Mamiya, in 1808 and 1809, had sailed past the Amur River as far as Nanio village, 53° 8′. He saw, expanding to the northward, the Saghalien Gulf, with Siberia on the left and the island, now first demonstrated to be such, on the right. Japan's abundant literature shows how well Saghalien was known and utilized by them even in the sixteenth century.

After Russia made a penal colony of this island, subsequent events are well known. When victorious in her war with China, Russia, Germany and France pounced upon exhausted Japan, to bar her access to the Asian continent. For since Japan woke up, to become a trading nation, after the Townsend Harris treaty of 1859, her hope and idea, which has ever dominated her policy, was to keep the trade routes to Europe open. Hers has ever been the "open-door" policy.

It was a dramatic event, with elements of comedy because of the contrast, when, on that April morning, in 1895, the little Japanese steam tug at Chefoo, bearing Japan's

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olive branch to China in the form of a treaty of peace, ploughed her way through the thick smoke, raised by the big guns of the battle fleets of the three Powers. Coercive noise drowned Japan's still, small voice. In lieu of a foothold on the continent, Japan—even after the Mikado had proclaimed, on May 3, the Chinese treaty—was compelled to retrocede Liao Tung and to take Formosa and an indemnity in money. This latter was promptly invested, in British shipyards, to buy the best built battleships. Ten years later, in Togo's onset, these sunk some of the very vessels which had been active in the coercion of 1895. In the second sea fight, the Baltic fleet was ruined, within sight of where the Tsushima soldier of 1861 had been killed.

Following the Cassini treaty of 1876 and the Pavlof convention of 1898 with China, a railway was built across Manchuria with terminals at Vladivostok and Dalny. Here, with lofty store warehouses and granite docks for commerce, a costly city was built, when there were not one thousand Russians east of Lake Baikal engaged in trade. By 1901 the iron road through Chinese territory—that is, military penetration with thousands of soldiers as guards, was completed.

Events followed in Korea, which meant bloodshed for Japanese sailors. Mistaken for Americans or Frenchmen, because of their uniform, they were fired on and some were killed. The memories of our Admiral John Rodgers and the hostilities of 1871 were thus unpleasantly recalled. Japan sought redress from Korea by treaty making, after the Fillmore-Perry model of 1876.

Then followed the outlay, by Japan, of millions in the hope of making Korea a modern state. After the war with China, in 1894, millions more were devoted to recreate the weak country as a strong buffer state—the Belgium of the East.

The great grandson of a Dutchman, De Witte, and his backers sought moderation. They honestly tried to have Russia become a trading nation, with commerce on the Pacific. Opposing them was a ring of nobles, eager for predatory wealth. In their eyes, Korea was but loot, to be exploited for personal advantage. Yet the permanent holding of Masanpo by Russia, attempted in 1901, would have been a death blow to Japan. Because of this, Ito plainly told De Witte that "for Korea Japan would fight." When

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in 1904 the Russian clique trespassed on Korean territory, seeking her timber and mines, Japan, after failing to get redress in St. Petersburg, declared war for self-defense. An army, graduated from Japan's public schools begun by Americans, faced a host, in which but one man in a dozen could read or write. The scientific plans made in Tokyo by Kodama were executed, like clockwork, by Oyama in the field and Togo on the sea. The bubble-myth of the Muscovite's colossal invincibility burst. The Franco-Russian entente was a dream.

From that day began the sensational increase of Germany's budgets, fleets and armies, with pressure on France; the Agadir affair and the Algeçiras conference being incidents. In 1913 the writer, in passing over most of the area of the present battle line, inferred from ominous signs that war was imminent with Belgium to be the first sufferer. One fresh story was of a secret railway from Germany, laid under the sand, and capable of being uncovered and made efficient within a day. It was complete to within a few rods of the Belgian frontier.

On the other hand, Japan and Russia quickly made up their quarrel, reared by mutual agreement, at Port Arthur, a monument to the slain of both armies, negotiated several treaties, the envoys of either country being warmly welcomed in the respective capitals, while coöperating—perhaps at China's expense—in railway expansion. Japan's consistent policy has been to keep open the land trade routes to Europe.

Like a bolt from a cloudless sky came, in July, 1914, the news of hostilities in Europe. The French, Russian and British ambassadors in Tokyo met at once to invite and to limit the work of Britain's ally. The Anglo-Japanese alliance, renewed in July, 1911, but exempting the United States from its action, was invoked. Within six months Japan, with three divisions under General Kamio, consisting of 20,000 men, with 142 guns, and aided by the blockading fleet, had captured Tsingtau in China and later all the German colonies in the Pacific, sent a fleet of destroyers to the Mediterranean, convoyed the French and British transports conveying laborers and troops from China, Annam, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, assisted the British to quell a mutiny at Singapore, cleared the Pacific of German raiders, despatched three staffs of nurses and phy-

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sicians to England, France and Russia, sent over a million rifles, with ammunition for small arms and artillery and kept the Osaka factories working night and day in supplying these, besides boots, hats, blankets, clothing and various supplies for the Russian army. When the Allies were pressed hardest at Verdun and on the Western front, Japan's energies relieved the strain. By submarines, and in the Tsingtau operations, with other accidents of war, her army and navy suffered a total of over three thousand casualties.

After the first burst, excepting naval activities and the continuous forwarding of supplies, the attitude of the Japanese people, in mass, was much like that of the Americans before April, 1917. Japan was not invited by the Allies to send an army to the Western front, even if finance, shipping and a sufficiency of up-to-date requirements had permitted her to accept. Moreover, as the man on the street reasoned, why should she help on "the white man's war," when all his home lands and colonies shut out the Japanese? Neither in Japan, nor in America, was war's sting felt in the vitals, though the former continued to lose both merchant and warships by the German submarines.

The upset in Russia, the accumulation of stores at Vladivostok, requiring some months for removal, and, finally, the loss of Japanese lives in the turbulence, forced the Tokyo Government's hand. A small guard of marines was landed, but Japan, ever the object of unreasoning suspicion—largely through race repulsions and because a "guilty conscience needs no accuser"—would not move, until, ever loyal to her policy of honesty, she obtained the consent of the Allies. In 1900, she could, single-handed and within a fortnight from landing the Hiroshima division, have reached Peking and cleared out the Boxers. But no! Russia and the Allies compelled Japan, and civilization, and the beleagued foreigners in Peking to wait—almost to the time when the baby killers and women violators of the Kaiser had arrived from Germany. In 1918, she could, long ago, in the name of the Allies, have restored order in Siberia; and, with order, would have come schools, hygiene, freedom of conscience, and modern essential democracy, while acting as trustee of the coming league of nation. Fifty-two years of acquaintance with her history, spirit, literature, people, rules and finance, form the foundation of our faith.

As soon as President Wilson and the heads of the Powers

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were assured of Japan's willingness to be but one member of the group for intervention, Japan sent three divisions under General Otani.

Of what has been accomplished, let not Japanese, but our own Lieut.-Colonel Morrow, tell. In a telegram, replying to Baron Uyehara, chief of staff, in Tokyo and made public September 27, the American said:

"I thank you for the undeserved compliment. General Otani's campaign on the Ussuri River has been truly remarkable. He landed on August 19 and fought brilliantly and successfully on August 24. By September 5 he had moved his army 420 miles and had captured Khabarovsk. This was an accomplishment worthy of the best traditions of the glorious Japanese army. The union of the Japanese and American armies will more closely unite the friendly nations."

The American teachers of a generation ago are proud of their pupils. They who wrought hardest as comrades have faith in each other.

Now comes on the new cabinet in Japan. At the head is the premier, Kei Hara, Japan's most famous journalist, veteran statesman and diplomatist, and since Ito, the head of the Sei-yu-Kei. This, by far the most powerful party, represents, in the main, the solid, commercial interests of the empire, and is pronounced in fostering cordial relations with America. Unless all past precedents and present signs fail, Premier Hara is better fitted for the problems in hand and the greater ones of the near future, than a soldier, like Terauchi, could possibly be. Hara has ever been stalwart in his ideas of developing the resources of Japan, of keeping the trade routes to Europe open, and of definitely maintaining friendship with the Allied nations.

To fictionists of all sorts there may be Orient and Occident; to the scholar and the practical man the world is one, and "above all nations is humanity."

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

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THE GERMAN CHEMICAL MYTH

BY BENJAMIN T. BROOKS

" Germany leads the world in chemical industries, because her people are, upon the average, the most thoroughly educated and especially because her universities had developed the science of chemistry for decades before it was important in any other country."

This is not a quotation from German propaganda, but is found in a book published in 1913 and written by a well-known American economist. Is this a true statement of fact or not, and if *not,* then how does it come about that most of us have believed the facts to be substantially as the economist has stated them? This is worth a little inquiry, not so much on account of the importance of chemistry and its industries, but because it reflects a common state of mind. We have been ready to believe almost anything of German science, particularly if it related to chemistry since the latter was generally conceded to be a German science, and such things did not need to be attested to by one hundred famous professors.

This question is not an academic one merely, and if it involved only the professional pride of our chemists, it would not merit a moment's consideration. Our too ready acceptance of such notions regarding the chemical industry has had, and is still having, a number of vicious consequences. As a clever trick of trade such claims have made millions of dollars for the German chemical interests, naturally at the expense of our own industries. We have not generally recognized until quite recently that the success of certain branches of chemical industry is vital to military preparedness, owing to the extreme importance of toxic gases,

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explosives such as picric acid, T.N.T., tetra-nitro aniline, gun-cotton and so on. But so widespread and deep seated is this fallacy in question that it has affected the morale of the Allied troops since toxic gases have come to play such a large part in the fighting. The belief has been quite common among the troops at the front that the poisons employed by the Germans are much more highly poisonous than anything which the chemists of the Allied countries could produce.

Let us take a glance at the facts in the case although it may be difficult in these times to analyze such matters with judicial temper. Prior to 1914 I exchanged views with the economist quoted at the beginning of this article and he proposed a number of questions which will serve our present purpose admirably.

First, it was submitted that the Germans had been chiefly responsible for the development of chemistry as a science. Let us see if they "had developed the science of chemistry for decades before it was important in any other country."

We may call upon a German witness in the person of Professor Doctor (and probably Obergeheimregierungsrat) Ernst von Meyer, who has written an excellent history of chemistry. All that space permits me to say here is that one may search the pages of this book almost in vain for a German name in the period during which the foundations of the science were being laid. We find men of genius in every other important country of that time. From the time of Robert Boyle to the great Swedish genius Berzelius, we find two names; Philippus Aureolus Paracelsus Theophrastus Boombastus Eremit von Hohenheim, otherwise known simply as Paracelsus, whom Erasmus selected to elevate the science of chemistry from the degradations of alchemy, but who through lack of character, failed to reach attainments of a higher order than those of a common quack; and Stahl, whose so-called discovery of phlogiston retarded the march of progress for about two hundred years. These are the German contributions to the origins of chemistry.

For genuine genius and brilliancy, one must look elsewhere than the land of "damned Professors," as Bismarck styled them. None of the really great discoveries in chemistry and none of its fundamental laws and generalizations have been made by Germans. We owe our fundamental gas laws to Boyle, Gay-Lussac, Van der Waals, Joule, Thomson and Graham; the atomic theory and the laws of definite and

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multiple combining proportions to John Dalton. Lavoisier gave us the law of conservation of mass, which was painstakingly tested about a century later by the German Landolt, who could find nothing the matter with it, although it was shown later that his experimental methods were too crude to detect the atomic disintegrations which occur continually, as we now know, in radio-active substances. The Italians Avogadro and Cannizzaro made important contributions to Dalton's theory and Dulong and Petit gave us the law of atomic heats. The law of mass action, one of the most important principles in chemistry, we owe to the Hollanders Guldberg and Waage, and the laws dealing with heterogeneous systems were formulated by an American, Willard Gibbs. Gibbs' principles were interpreted from their original severely mathematical forms by Roozeboom and first practically applied to the Stassfurt salts by Van't Hoff, both Hollanders. Special isomerism was discovered by Pasteur and its later development was due chiefly to Van't Hoff and Le Bel. Van't Hoff first formulated the laws of osmotic pressure and Faraday's researches gave us the law of electrochemical action which bears his name, but the great clarifying theory which correlated these and many other principles was the theory of electrolytic dissociation, formulated by Svante Arrhenius of Sweden. The intimate relationship between the atomic weights and the properties of the chemical elements was first shown by the Russian Mendelejeff and this relationship has been put into most perfect form by the brilliant young Mosely, killed at Gallipoli.

It might have been said that the Germans had not yet reached their stride, that this earlier period was a colonizing period, so to speak. But we find that the whole great mass of work in radio-activity, the newest branch of science, part chemistry and part physics, has been done almost entirely in France, England and Canada. The brilliancy and audacity of conception and the extreme delicacy and accuracy of experimentation with which the problems of radio-active matter have been solved certainly never have been surpassed in the history of scientific research. This research has been done mainly by the Curies, Becquerel, C. T. R. Wilson, Ramsay, Rutherford and Soddy—not a German among them.

The Germans, however, have done a great mass of work and for this they most assuredly deserve our thanks. Van't

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Hoff once said that he was very glad that there were people in the world who would do all the little things which had to be done. In other words, to phrase it tersely, the Germans have been most assiduously laying brick in chemical science. But the architects were not German and the cornerstone ceremonies have not been held in the Central Empires.

Another question of interest was whether or not the Germans have been foremost in applying chemistry to industry. That an affirmative answer is frequently given to this question is due to the common error of mistaking the dye industry for the whole chemical industry in general. This particular industry has tinted our notion of the entire matter and has attracted attention like a Brazilian morpho. The dye industry has had an amount of publicity out of all proportion to its importance and while chemists of nearly every nationality have had a hand in it, from Sir William Perkin, the discoverer of the first coal tar dyes, to the present, let us, for the sake of brevity, concede the whole thing to the Germans, Easter egg dyes, microscope stains, red feathers, pink ribbons and all.

One difficulty in answering this question definitely and quantitatively consists in the fact that there is no commonly accepted definition of just what a chemical industry is. In England chemistry is popularly associated with pharmacy and the term chemist usually means an apothecary. Nowadays any industry may be considered as a chemical industry which brings about fundamental changes in the nature of the raw materials of manufacture or requires chemical research and control for its success. But if we take the classification of the German or United States Government customs schedules as to what constitute products of chemical industry, we find that, for the years just before the war, both the tonnage and money value of such products exchanged by the two countries show a comfortable balance in our favor.

Most countries have certain specialties of manufacture and for reasons which usually are not far to seek. Germany enjoys a rich deposit of potash salts. Nature put it there and it required a Hollander, Van't Hoff, to show how to purify and resolve the salt mixture into its more and less valuable components. Nevertheless the Germans profit by the industry. We possess large deposits of phosphate rock which is manufactured for use by sulphuric acid and ex-

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ported to Germany, but I have never heard an American seek to prove his cultural or technical excellence by talking about our phosphate rock. Having large petroleum fields we export immense quantities of petroleum products, the chemical refining of which has been the work of American chemists. And so it is with Colorado carnotite ore from which we get radium and uranium salts, Canadian cobalt and nickel, the nitrate in Chile and a multitude of other things. Cheap and abundant natural gas, a curiosity in Germany, gave us cheap glass and built up a huge industry. Why boast of a glass eye industry when we have made thousands of tons of plate glass, cut glass and hundreds of other articles for half the world? Why bother with a wooden toy industry to compete with Nuremberg when we were making thousands of tons of the best spruce, poplar and birch paper pulp by the sulphite or soda processes, not to speak of enormous quantities of wood alcohol, acetic acid and acetone from other woods and finally alcohol from the mill waste? Abundant water power, coupled with the abilities of Americans like C. M. Hall and Edward Acheson, has resulted in a series of new electrochemical industries such as the manufacture of aluminum, artificial graphite, carborundum, calcium carbide and many other products. Germany being practically without cheap hydroelectric power can hardly hope to compete in the electrochemical industries with countries where it is abundant, such as in the United States and Canada.

The manufacture of Portland cement was developed mainly in England, but cheap fuel oil in America resulted in the invention of the rotary kiln, which, in turn, made possible the typically American plants producing a thousand or more barrels of cement a day. Another American invention, the use of very finely pulverized coal, made the rotary kiln for cement manufacture available to Germany. But I do not wish to convey the idea that we have been content merely to utilize our own natural resources. These instances are cited simply to show that many of the specialized chemical industries owe their origin and development to some local circumstance, or natural advantage. The Germans have specialized in organic chemistry, yet we can by no means concede this branch of the science wholly to them. Two of the greatest advances in organic chemistry in recent years were the discoveries of Frenchmen. The catalytic

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addition of hydrogen to what are called chemically unsaturated substances, which has resulted in the new industry of converting liquid fats into solid fats, of enhanced value for soap and culinary purposes, and which has been of great scientific value in research, was the discovery of Sabatier and Senderens. The most fruitful method of synthesis in organic chemistry, of incalculable value in research, was the use of organic compounds of magnesium, discovered by Victor Grignard. Another discovery, of considerable industrial importance, was that of the artificial resins, similar to amber, made by Baekeland, a Belgian.

Two things have largely assisted in the perpetuation of the German chemical myth, for myth it is as truly as that of the famous dwarf who ground salt from his little mill to make the ocean salt.

In the first place they have written good text books and splendid compilations on various subjects. Our libraries are filled with German handbooks, encyclopedias and lexicons, usually excellent and very useful. Some of these books represent a stupendous amount of work, and work of such kind that to one of creative genius it would be horrible drudgery. After all such work may be considered as mere bricklaying. To borrow an illustration outside of chemistry, try to imagine a creative genius, such as Shakespeare, compiling a Latin dictionary. However, we should certainly thank them for their patient, diligent bricklaying, even though their carelessness in fairly crediting the work done in other countries has been notorious.

Another factor in keeping the myth alive has been the fact that German universities were the first to offer systematic instruction in chemistry. The earlier German chemists nearly all received their instruction and training in chemistry outside of Germany from such men as Berzelius, Berthollet, Gay-Lussac, Dumas, Davy and Faraday. In their day these famous old pioneers of the science selected a few assistants and together they gave their time solely to research. When such men as Liebig and Wöhler returned to Germany they developed true to type and adapted the German custom of doing things by company and battalion to the teaching of chemistry, and they organized lectures and conducted laboratory work by classes. The influx of students from other countries was encouraged and there was a time when an American desiring to specialize in chemistry

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found the facilities for pursuing such study much better in Germany than in his own country. But that time is long past. Most German universities cling pretty close to the standard of the old organic laboratory when a few dollars' worth of glassware would suffice.

To attempt to give, even in outline, an accurate idea of how matters now stand as regards current contributions to industrial and theoretical chemistry would require a volume of formidable dimensions. It has recently been determined that three hundred and fifty-five American firms maintain research laboratories and many of our great universities have set aside separate buildings to be devoted exclusively to research. These research laboratories were a constant source of amazement to several German chemists of my acquaintance who visited this country at the time of the last International Congress of Applied Chemistry in 1912. Very curiously a certain line of research will sometimes develop in a certain country and persist for years. Thus probably the most accurate work in determining atomic weights, which has been done since the work of the Belgian, Stas, has been done in this country by Morley, Noyes, Richards, Baxter and others. But work of the greatest value is beginning to appear from the farthest corners of the world. Research papers from Calcutta, Sydney and Tokio are appearing with increasing frequency. Australia and the South African Union have made greater contributions in metallurgy, at least as measured by economic importance, than has the Harz mountains since the Hexentanzplatz was peopled with its flying witches. For example, the well-known cyanide process of gold extraction was developed in South Africa by McArthur and Forrest and has added enough gold to the world's supply of this metal to buy the Harz mountains several times over.

We expect that when middle Europe passes from under the Prussian eclipse a number of men of scientific genius may come to light. It would be contrary to the laws of Nature not to find a really clever German now and then, as every species produces, at rare intervals, what the biologist calls a sport. We have conceded that they have done very well in certain branches of organic chemistry, but chemistry can be monopolized by no nation so long as the distribution of brains and the chemical elements remain as they are.

BENJAMIN T. BROOKS.

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A NAVAL CONTROVERSY

BY LIEUTENANT COMMANDER HENRY WILLIAMS, U. S. N.

THE recent order of the Secretary of the Navy authorizing officers of the Staff Corps of the Navy to use the titles of their rank again brings into prominence a long standing controversy. This controversy between the Line and the Staff Corps of the Navy is nearly as old as the Navy itself. It has been the subject of more discussion, in and out of the service, than any other naval topic; and for many years invariably was brought into prominence, whenever legislation affecting the Navy's personnel was under consideration. It has been waged through the desire of the members of the several Staff Corps to improve their status in the service as regards rank and official position, and their wish to destroy the caste distinction which has existed in the Navy, placing officers of the Line on a higher plane officially than officers of the Staff. Though the question is not entirely one of military rank or titles, staff officers have sought both rank and titles with the idea that such an acquisition would result in an improved position and status for themselves.

The Corps of Surgeons of the Navy, the oldest branch of the Staff Corps, was the first to make an effort to improve its position and status in the service. As early as 1816 a petition was addressed to the Navy Department by a number of surgeons of the Navy requesting definite rank in the service. This petition met with the approval of a number of captains of the Navy, who wrote expressing approbation of the proposed change and hope for favorable action. The Board of Navy Commissioners approved the request, stating that it seemed just that Navy surgeons should be put on the same footing regarding rank, pay, and emolu-

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ments as those of the Army. Due to opposition of line officers, however, no definite steps were taken to this end, though several of the various Secretaries of the Navy submitted to Congress recommendations that it should provide by law for the desired rank, etc., for the surgeons.

As late as 1841, staff officers of the Navy in the various branches, though nominally commissioned officers, actually had few of the rights and prerogatives as such. Surgeons, pursers, and chief engineers messed in the ward-room, used the starboard gangway, and had the same share as a lieutenant in the prize-money; assistant surgeons and assistant engineers messed in the steerage and used the port gangway. Codes of Navy Regulations proposed in 1833, 1841, and 1843 provided for "an assimilated rank" for "civil officers" of the Navy. These codes never received the necessary approval of Congress, and, consequently, did not become effective. The proposed code of 1841, referred to, provided that "the civil officers of the Navy shall have assimilated rank with the sea officers of the Navy as follows: Surgeons, pursers, chaplains, and secretaries with lieutenants of the Navy; passed assistant surgeons with masters; other assistant surgeons and professors of mathematics with passed midshipmen, and clerks with midshipmen." Masters and passed midshipmen were warrant officers.

The custom of the service at this time required that surgeons and other civil officers should give way to the lieutenants upon entering and leaving boats, in processions and elsewhere. No civil officers sat on courts-martial, wore epaulettes on their uniforms, nor had any privileges of "assimilated rank" other than as accorded by the customs of the service and by the courtesy of their messmates, th lieutenants.

The civil officers, particularly the surgeons, were greatly dissatisfied with the conditions under which they served and with their anomalous position on shipboard, and repeated efforts were made to have an improved status accorded them.

This question of rank for civil officers was brought repeatedly before the public and incidentally before the committees of Congress. The pretensions of the staff officers were opposed successfully, however, by the line officers, who were sufficiently influential to block any legislation granting the desired rank; the staff officers, on their side, were by no

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means united as to what they wished and what the various branches should receive.

In August, 1846, Secretary Bancroft, despairing of obtaining a settlement of the matter by Congress, with the approval of the President, and in accordance with an opinion of the Attorney-General, who held that such action would be legal, issued an order that stirred profoundly the naval organization, conferring, as it did, on the surgeons the long-desired rank, and making them, according to the number of years service, rank with commanders and lieutenants. The order provided, however, that commanding and executive officers when on duty should take precedence over all medical officers. The provisions of this order were soon extended to the pursers.

The Line refused to accept gracefully the defeat that Mr. Bancroft's order represented, and staff officers were encouraged by its terms to overstep the bounds. A state of insubordination in the Navy ensued and line officers had just ground for the charge, brought by them, that the discipline of the service had suffered as a result of granting rank to surgeons and pursers; but, unfortunately, the charge that they themselves had brought about and were responsible for such conditions was more or less just. Several petitions were drawn, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy or to Congress, and signed by numbers of line officers, asking to have the obnoxious order rescinded. A group of about sixty line officers went so far as to assemble in Washington, for the purpose of procuring the revocation of the order. They addressed to Congress and the Secretary of the Navy a formal protest against its enforcement on the ground of illegality of the executive action in issuing it. One line officer wrote that he held his rank dearer than life itself and threatened to cleave to the chin with his cutlass any purser of the Navy who might presume to sign an official report above him.

In spite, however, of protests from the line officers, some of which then must have appeared, as they do now, most ridiculous and undignified, the staff officers gained their point, and the orders of 1846 and 1847 were upheld, later to be legalized and extended by act of Congress. Engineers in their turn were granted rank in accordance with the length of their service, by act of Congress of March 3, 1859.

In 1860, in the United States Navy, there were but three grades of commissioned officers in the Line, those of captain,

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commander, and lieutenant, the title of commodore being one of courtesy only. Masters were warrant officers, not in the line of promotion. Under the provisions of the naval appropriation act of 1860, pursers were designated as paymasters. By act of July 16, 1862, Congress created the additional grades in the Line of rear-admiral, commodore, lieutenant-commander, and ensign, the Staff Corps not, however, being included in this legislation. In March, 1863, Secretary Welles, following the example of his predecessors, and in accordance with an opinion of the Attorney-General holding such procedure to be legal, issued an order defining the Staff of the Navy, and specifying what the relative rank of each grade should be. Besides surgeons, paymasters, and engineers, others were mentioned as staff officers, and given relative rank in accordance with the length of their service.

A line writer of this period characterized the Welles order as stabbing at the military honor and professional life of line officers, then nearly all in command before the enemy. He stated that if any of the line officers had committed every crime in the calendar they could not have been sentenced by court-martial to undergo such a loss of rank as inflicted by it.

This order, though resented bitterly by the line officers, continued in force throughout the Civil War, but was revoked by the Navy Department in another order signed by Secretary Borie, on April 1, 1869, Vice-Admiral Porter, an unrelenting foe of staff rank, having then to a large degree the direction of the Navy Department.

It was stated by a member of Congress, in 1894, that Admiral Porter's order was read at general muster on all naval vessels and the staff officers required, then and there, in the presence of other officers and crew, to remove the marks of their rank.

In effect, the order acted to reduce the rank of a number of staff officers, and to take away the designation "Staff Officers" from all except surgeons, paymasters, and engineers, who retained only the rank conferred on them by law of Congress. The *Navy Register* issued January, 1869, listed all "civil officers" with military rank, some of them with that of captain; this was changed in the *Register* for July, 1869, which showed only surgeons, paymasters, and engineers with rank, the highest being that of commander.

It is probable that this order of Secretary Borie was indirectly the cause of the triumph the staff officers were destined

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soon to achieve, for they were so successful in presenting to Congress their cause, and in stating the injustice that had been done them, that the Naval Appropriation Act, passed March 3, 1871, contained provisions fixing definitely the status of all staff officers, the principle of relative rank and precedence, and gave to staff officers the six years' constructive service in determining such relative rank. This act established the various grades of the Staff Corps as they now exist, and in general its provisions must have been more liberal than was hoped for by even the friends of the staff officers.

It is probable that at this juncture, subsequent to 1871, the "controversy" was more bitter than it had been at any previous time. At the close of the Civil War it was said to have been responsible for the failure to confer on officers of the Navy, as had been done so generously for those of the Army, the brevet rank as a recognition of service. Rather than concede even brevet rank to staff officers, the Line was willing to forego the honor for itself. The Staff smarted under the injustice that they felt they had received at the hands of the Line, and the bitterness of the fight they had just waged before Congress still rankled. Admiral Porter, in a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, said that honorary rank had been conceded for the purpose of establishing the status of civil officers on board ship, and that they were favored with the compliment of rank to identify them with their surroundings and to give propriety to their presence.

The engineers, from the close of the Civil War, were the most aggressive of the Staff Corps in the fight for titles and rank. The profession of engineers was looked down on by the line officers, and there is no doubt that they submitted their brother officers of the engineer branch to many unnecessary humiliations. Owing to rapid promotion, consequent on the reorganization of the Navy at the close of the Civil War, there were many young line officers in the higher grades. The older staff officers found this extremely irksome and disagreeable. Some of them who had been instructors at the Naval Academy went to sea at the close of their details, to find themselves junior in rank to their pupils of a short time before.

With the establishing in 1871 of a course for Cadet Engineers at the Naval Academy, the position of the naval engineers in the service was somewhat improved. This was due

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not only to the fact that a better class of men were obtained, but also because, through their association at the Naval Academy with the midshipmen, the latter were somewhat more kindly disposed to them later when they became engineer officers; and through the knowledge of service customs and traditions gained at the Academy, which gave the young engineer officers more confidence when they entered upon their duties afloat. In 1882 Cadet Engineers were merged with the Cadet Midshipmen, all becoming Naval Cadets. The selection of those to be assigned, upon graduation, was not made until the end of three years at the Naval Academy. It was claimed, however, that at the Naval Academy many line officers influenced the minds of cadets against the Engineer Corps, thus preventing some who had mechanical preferences and displayed high scholarship, from joining that division, and it was claimed also that many cadets whose class standing made them undesirable recruits for the Line were forced to become engineers. Frequent efforts were made in the ensuing years to obtain personnel legislation for the Navy, and a number of bills were introduced before Congress, only to meet with failure through the opposing interests developed by the controversy.

In 1894 a joint commission of Congress was appointed to investigate and consider the entire subject of rank, pay, and all matters relating to the personnel of the Navy. The bill, recommended by the Navy Department to the favorable consideration of the commission, provided only for the reorganization of the Line, and ignored the Staff Corps' claims to legislation for improving their status, and for absolute rank in place of relative. The report of the hearings before this commission shows the same bitterness between the Line and the Staff over the question of rank and titles as previously had existed for over half a century. The engineers were more insistent in this regard than were the other branches of the Staff Corps, though the surgeons and the paymasters both complained of the unsatisfactory conditions existing as to their status.

The bill advanced by the engineers and pushed vigorously by them, contained so many provisions unacceptable to the Line, and was opposed so bitterly by it that the whole proposed scheme of personnel legislation failed of passage by Congress.

In 1898, conditions as regarded the personnel of the Line

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had become extremely bad, the Civil War "hump" had caused such a stagnation of promotion that officers served ten and more years as ensign, also there were lieutenants in the Navy fifty years old. The strength developed by the engineers in their fight before Congress in 1894 was such as to cause line officers to realize that no legislation affording them relief, without provision for absolute rank for the engineers, could be obtained. The other branches of the Staff Corps were not regarded as being so formidable, though it was realized that their support would be desirable. The ever-present question of staff rank was certain to be brought forward, and it was concluded to give not only consideration to the engineers, but also to the claims for absolute rank of other staff officers. The famous Personnel Bill, passed by Congress in 1899, provided for amalgamating the Engineer Corps with the Line and, by the simple expedient of making line officers of them, conferring on the engineers the long-sought-for military rank and titles. To the officers of all the other branches of the Staff Corps of the Navy the Bill accorded "rank" instead of the "relative rank," which they held under the provisions of the act of 1871. The committee in its report transmitting the Personnel Bill to Congress stated that the question of rank had occasioned frequent dissatisfaction in the past, and that, after investigation, it had come to the conclusion that there was no reason why there should be any distinction in the matter of rank between staff officers and line officers, and that the Staff should be commissioned with actual rank, the same as in the Line and in the Army. However, they provided that because staff officers were commissioned with actual rank, they should not as a result have the right to command. Further, it was stated: "The committee believes that they should still retain the titles which they now have, description of their duties and their Corps, but think their status in the Navy in the matter of rank should be thus firmly established."

The Line and Staff controversy which, in 1899, thus had been settled temporarily was destined not long to remain quiescent. Personnel legislation was required to relieve conditions in the Line. In a special message to Congress, on December 17, 1906, the President invited attention to the urgent necessity for such legislation as would cause line officers of the Navy to reach the grade of captain and rear-admiral at less advanced ages than was then the average,

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and that would give the officers more experience and training in the important duties of those grades. The President forwarded a draft of a proposed bill as recommended by a personnel board. This measure included no provision for the Staff Corps, and in reference to this omission the Secretary of the Navy stated in his annual report for 1906, that he refrained from any recommendation relative to the portion of the report of the personnel board dealing with the Staff Corps "because it is impossible to say that it has, in the main, received the approval of the officers most directly affected, and I am not prepared to advise the embodiment in legislation of any plan which will not finally and once for all end the regrettable differences existing between the Staff Corps and the Line."

The dispute between the Line and the Staff thus in 1906 again reached an acute stage and was brought to the notice of the public because of the failure to accede to the wishes of the Staff that there be included in the proposed measure provisions relating to the personnel of the Staff, especially for military titles for its officers. Many of the line partisans did not hesitate to accuse the staff officers of maliciously exerting their influence in opposition to the passage of the Personnel Bill, through spite at the refusal of the Line to accede to their wishes in the matter of military titles. Editorials published in the New York *Herald,* favoring the measure, stated that it was opposed by some officers of the Staff Corps, who combined secretly to obstruct or kill the passage of the bill, not because its provisions affected them, but because of its failure "to accord these important and capable officials" the Line titles of admiral, captain, and so down the hierarchy of the seas. It was stated further that this opposition was arrayed with such influence and persistency as to threaten the defeat of the Personnel Bill, which was regarded as a disaster for which a day of reckoning awaited. These statements as to the activities of the Staff, in all probability, were greatly exaggerated, but the incident serves to show clearly the fact of the continued existence at that time of bitter feeling.

The Personnel Bill failed of passage, whether due to the opposition of the staff officers, lack of their support, or to other causes, would be impossible to determine, but the incident served again to demonstrate the difficulty, if not impossibility, of obtaining naval personnel legislation which

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lacked the support of any branch of the service. The normal difficulties attending the passage by Congress of any naval measure are so great, that any opposition, or even lack of support, is sufficient usually to cause its defeat. The question of titles and the right of staff officers to exercise military command under certain circumstances undoubtedly will be brought up in any discussion before Congress of naval personnel matters.

During the term of Secretary Meyer circumstances affecting administration of the business of the Navy Department and the Navy Yard again brought into evidence the feeling between the Line and the Staff. The Secretary, probably having in mind the amalgamation of the engineers with the Line and the consequent elimination of that portion of the controversy, sent to Congress a draft of a measure providing for general amalgamation with the Line of all Staff officers except the Medical Corps. The House Naval Committee conducted extensive hearings on this proposal, and a number of officers were heard or requested to submit statements as to their views. These officers represented all corps and all grades, and the report of the hearings fills a large volume. While the proposed amalgamation had comparatively few advocates, many of the Line officers took occasion to discredit the Staff officers' desire for military title, and the staff officers on their side advanced strong arguments upholding their pretensions. Considerable feeling thus was shown to exist at that time, on both sides of the controversy. While, since then no circumstances have occurred to bring out again a public expression of the sentiments and feeling, without doubt they existed as strongly as ever. It is, therefore, to be regarded as extremely fortunate that the recent order of Secretary Daniels, which should eliminate for all time this controversy, came at a time when the best efforts of everyone concerned are required to uphold American arms on the sea. In war time there is no room in the naval service for disputes so adversely affecting the efficiency of the service.

HENRY WILLIAMS.

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THE PROPOSED TAX ON SERVANTS

By Mary Sargent Potter

Shall servants be taxed? That is to say, shall a tax be imposed upon domestics to be paid by employers?

To the already distraught housewife facing problems in economy and conservation which, if the desired results are to be achieved, tax her time, attention and ingenuity to the utmost, and with the domestic labor market disorganized as never before in the history of our country, this proposed legislation appears as insult added to injury.

It is a serious matter, striking, not as it is made to appear, at the luxurious and comfort loving class, but at what every woman has been brought up to believe is the foundation of the nation: that is, The Home. Whether she is poor or rich, whether her responsibilities are obscure or wide, whether she is home maker for the humble citizen or for one of the leaders of men, no woman can make home what it should be without adequate assistance. No woman, whatever her ability and strength, can give her time to cooking, washing and cleaning, and still have left the mental and spiritual freshness, which are primary requisites for the proper care and development of her children, and for the refreshment and inspiriting of her husband. I do not here refer even to her civic duties and outside responsibilities, I am speaking only of the necessities for adequate home life.

If it be said that the proposed tax is merely a war time measure, with its objective the releasing of domestic labor for munition works, and that the leisure women can best serve their country by undertaking their own house work, I would first answer that a very large percentage of women in domestic service are not physically fitted for factory work;

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second, that there is no leisure class of women in America, for every woman of intelligence and cultivation is giving her time and strength to "war work," and the third objection is that never in the history of the world has there been a time when home life was so difficult and so important as now. With the disintegration of the whole social fabric, homes all over the world destroyed never to be rebuilt, families disrupted never to be re-united, it becomes of prime importance that the children in the homes which remain, should have the spiritual stamp of Home more firmly impressed than ever before. In view of these facts does a woman need whatever assistance she can secure, or is it a legitimate war measure to put such help beyond her reach?

Home, in its broad sense, is not a boarding house, a mere shelter, a place in which to eat and sleep. For the children it is primarily a school for character, a center from which should radiate every helpful activity, and for the adults it should be the refuge to which they joyfully return for rest and refreshment, for physical and mental renewal. To this end, system, order, cleanliness, good food are essential. Intellect and ideals must be prominent, and above all the pervading personality of the home maker who must, as the need arises be prepared to give strength, understanding, wise injunctions, sympathetic councils.

In the name of common sense, how can a woman who gives her time and strength to the manual labor of her house, bear and rear a family and make a home which is not a nightmare of disorder and spiritual depression? Why should servants to carry on this necessary and important work be a fit object for taxation any more than the mechanics in the aeroplane factories or the defenders of our nation? I plead for the children and for the children's homes.

It can with truth be said that the majority of women in the world do and have always done their entire domestic work. They have borne and reared their children, they have cooked and scrubbed and washed. And look at the results! I do not speak for the women, poor, nervous, gallant wrecks that they are, but for those beings for whom home was instituted—the children. Who that knows the physical and spiritual condition of the children of our poor would want any system perpetuated under which the mother does all the manual work of the home and has no time for intellectual growth or physical rest? Rather than deeming servants a luxury to

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be taxed like platinum jewelry, fine clothes, automobiles and wines so that their number diminishes, and in the end only the very rich can command their services, I wish with all my heart that the problem might be attacked from a different angle, wish that there might be a grade of servant within the reach of every mother in the land, that there might be more servants, more efficient servants, respecting themselves and their work in a manner heretofore unknown.

Let us institute a new régime, under which the work of the servant class is put on the same basis as to hours, wages, competency as that of clerk and shop girl, factory and office worker.

I would suggest that servants—except in rural districts—live out of the home, that they work eight hours a day, and that in homes where more than one servant is employed they work in two shifts, since the work of the home must, on an average, be carried on for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. At once a cry of alarm is raised. "But the expense! No one, with the present high wages, would be able to afford adequate service." But a slight examination of facts shows this fear to be groundless. It is true that the price of lodging would have to be added to the existing wage; but when against this is balanced the furniture, bedding, washing materials, gas, careless waste of electricity, larger houses and apartments to include servants' quarters, the difference would not be enormous. Offsetting it would be the inestimable comfort and quiet of having the worker, her work satisfactorily finished, withdraw altogether. The second objection, that such a scheme involves double the number of servants is also without foundation. A woman who has an eight-hour working day expects to work steadily during the eight hours, as does every mechanic, every factory laborer, every shop girl and stenographer, and any woman can do in eight hours' consecutive, intelligent work as much as is now done by two average servants in the course of a whole day. Expert work would be expected and demanded.

There is no reason why there should be such specialization as now exists in housework. A well-trained housemaid, working from seven to three o'clock could prepare and serve a simple breakfast, do the beds and dust the rooms while a second and third worker coming on from twelve to eight as cook and waitress could carry on the later requirements of the household. Where later hours are exacted there should

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be extra pay for extra time, and the evening shift could in all instances receive higher compensation than the morning shift. The former would probably be largely recruited from the older women who no longer so ardently care for the freedom of the evening hours, as do their younger sisters. The morning shift could frequently be filled by young married women whose circumstances justify their assuming outside duties during a part of the day. In the case of the household where only "one in help" is employed, I feel certain that the housewife would infinitely prefer to undertake certain definite duties herself if she could count upon eight hours of well-trained assistance, rather than the present longer hours of slack, grudging work with which she must often content herself. Which hours should be undertaken by her employee would largely depend on her own occupations. In some cases she would wish to be free to give certain hours to husband and children, in others for her own pursuits whether they be of a professional or artistic nature.

Once put domestic labor on this basis, with adequate training schools for every kind of work pertaining to the home, instruction in manners, dress and general deportment to which every shop girl, so envied for her freedom, must submit, and I venture to say that a larger number of women and a better class of women would immediately enter the ranks of domestic labor. It is the "freedom" of her sisters in commercial life which the average servant so longs for. Well, let her, too, be free. It is the long hours "on duty" even though a large part of those hours are spent sitting idle, which she grudges. And in this I think that her complaint is justified. In shop and office and factory, in hospital and school, there are definite hours of work—and the hours are not intolerably long—followed by periods of absolute freedom. The same system should and must come to the home, and it is for the employer class to institute the change. The housewife will be adequately rewarded by work well and intelligently done, by greater system, and by cheerful pride in labor well performed.

For the sake of the American home and the American woman may not our domestic labor be put on a thoroughly business basis? And may it not for the duration of the war be considered as essential as any other form of labor which releases the more highly-trained minds for the tasks which so pressingly confront us? MARY SARGENT POTTER.

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HER LIFE

I see thee richly dowered with the pride
Of youth's estate, and tremulous with joy
Agaze on its expanse, eyes wonder-wide
To window a pure soul without alloy
Of vaunting self, but of zeal measureless
For an abundant life; though of years long
Thy faltering frailty could not brook the stress,
Nor leave with earth thy ministry and song.

For that thy radiant task was not full done
To thy desire, belike in favored sphere
With spirits kin to thine, if such there be,
Thou art the ardor for new guerdons won,
Yet steadfast light to loving purpose here,
Votaress of life and immortality.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

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A NOTE ON MAETERLINCK

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

Le Trésor des Humbles is in some respects the most important, as it is certainly the most purely beautiful, of Maeterlinck's works. Limiting himself as he did in his plays to the rendering of certain sensations, and to the rendering of these in the most disembodied way possible, he did not permit himself to indulge either in the weight of wisdom or the adornment of beauty, each of which would have seemed to him (perhaps wrongly) as an intrusion. Those web-like plays, a very spider's work of filminess, allowed you to divine behind them one who was after all a philosopher rather than a playwright. The philosopher could but be divined; he was never seen. In these essays he has dropped the disguise of his many masks. Speaking without intermediary, he speaks more directly, with a more absolute abandonment of every convention of human reserve, except the reserve of an extreme fastidiousness in the choice of words simple enough and sincere enough to convey exactly his meaning, more spontaneously, it would seem, than any writer since Emerson. From Emerson he has certainly learnt much; he has found, for instance, the precise form in which to say what he has to say, in little essays, not, indeed, so disconnected as Emerson's, but with a like care to say something very definite in every sentence, so that that sentence might stand by itself, without its context, as something more than a mere part of a paragraph. But his philosophical system, though it has its essential links with the great mystical system which has developed itself through many manifestations, from Plotinus and Porphyry downwards, is very much his own, and owes little to anything but his own meditation; and whether his

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subject is *La Beauté Intérieure,* or *Les Femmes, Les Avertis,* or *Le Tragique Quotidien,* it is with the same wisdom, certainty and beauty that he speaks. The book might well become the favorite reading of those persons to whom beauty must come with a certain dogmatism, if it is to be accepted for what it is. It reveals the inner life with a simplicity which would seem the most obvious if it were not the rarest of qualities. It denies nothing, but it asserts many things, and it asserts nothing which has not been really seen.

In the preface to the first volume of his "Théâtre," Maeterlinck takes us very simply into his confidence, and explains to us some of his intentions and some of his methods. He sees in *La Princesse Maleine* one quality, and one only: *"Une certaine harmonie épouvantée et sombre."* The other plays, up to *Aglavaine et Sélysette,* "*présentent une humanité et des sentiments plus precis, en proie à des forces aussi inconnues, mais un peu mieux dessinées.*" These unknown forces, "*au fond desquelles on trouve l'idée de Dieu chrétien, mêlée à celle de la fatalité antique,*" are realized, for the most part, under the form of death. A fragile, suffering, ignorant humanity is represented struggling through a brief existence under the terror and apprehension of death. It is this conception of life which gives these plays their atmosphere, indeed their chief value. For, as we are rightly told, the primary element of poetry is "*l'idée que la poète se fait de l'inconnu dans lequel flottent les êtres et les choses qu'il evoque, du mystère qui les domine et les juge et qui préside à leurs destinées.*" This idea it no longer seems to him possible to represent honestly by the idea of death, and he asks: What is there to take its place?

"*Pour mon humble part, après les petits drames que j'ai énumerés plus haut, il m'a semblé loyal et sage d'écarter la mort de ce trône auquel il n'est pas certain qu'elle ait droit. Déjà, dans le dernier, que je n'ai pas nommé parmi les autres, dans 'Aglavaine et Sélysette,' j'aurais voulu qu'elle cédât à l'amour, à la sagesse ou au bonheur une part de sa puissance. Elle ne m'a pas obéi, et j'attends, avec la plupart des poètes de mon temps, qu'une autre force se révèle.*"

There is a fine and serious simplicity in these avowals, which show the intellectual honesty of Maeterlinck's dramatic work, its basis in philosophical thought. He is not

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merely a playwright who has found a method, he is a thinker who has to express his own conception of the universe, and therefore concerns literature. He finds that conception changing, and, for the moment, he stands aside, waiting. "The man who never alters his opinion," said Blake, "is like standing water, and breeds reptiles of the mind."

Aglavaine et Sélysette is the most beautiful play that Maeterlinck has yet written; it is as beautiful as *Le Trésor des Humbles*. Hitherto, in his dramatic prose, he has deliberately refrained from that explicit beauty of phrase which is to be found in almost every sentence of the essays. Implicit beauty there has been from the first, a beauty of reverie in what the close lips of his shadowy people say, afraid to do more than whisper a few vague words, mere hints of whatever dreams and thoughts had come to them out of the darkness. But of the elaborate beauty of the essays, in which an extreme simplicity becomes more ornate than any adornment, there has been, until now, almost nothing. In *Aglavaine et Sélysette* we have not merely beauty of conception and atmosphere, but writing which is beautiful in itself, and in which meditation achieves its own right to exist, not merely because it carries out that conception, or forms that atmosphere. And at the same time the very essence of the drama has been yet further spiritualized. Maeterlinck has always realized, better than anyone else, the significance, in life and art, of mystery. He has realized how unsearchable is the darkness out of which we have but just stepped, and the darkness into which we are about to pass. And he has realized how the thought and sense of that twofold darkness invade the little space of light in which, for a moment, we move; the depth to which they shadow our steps, even in that moment's partial escape. But in some of his plays he would seem to have apprehended this mystery as a thing merely or mainly terrifying—the actual physical darkness surrounding blind men, the actual physical approach of death as a stealthy intruder into our midst; he has shown us people huddled at a window, out of which they almost feared to look, or beating at a door, the opening of which they dreaded. Fear shivers through these plays, creeping across our nerves like a damp mist coiling up out of a valley. And there is beauty certainly in this "vague spiritual fear"; but certainly a lower kind of beauty than that which gives its supreme pathos to *Aglavaine et Sélysette*. Here is mystery which is also pure

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beauty, in these delicate approaches of intellectual pathos, in which suffering and death and error become transformed into something almost happy, so full is it of strange lights.

And, with this spiritualizing of the very substance of what had always been so fully a drama of things unseen, there comes, as we have said, a freer abandonment to the instinctive desire of the artist to write beautifully. Having realized that one need not be afraid of beauty, he is not afraid to let soul speak to soul in language worthy of both. And, curiously, at the same time he becomes more familiar, more human. Sélysette is quite the most natural character that Maeterlinck has ever drawn, as Aglavaine is the most noble. Méléandre is, perhaps, more shadowy than ever, but that is because he is deliberately subordinated in the composition, which is concerned only with the action upon one another of the two women. He suffers the action of these forces, does not himself act; standing between them as man stands between the calling of the intellectual and the emotional life, between the simplicity of daily existence, in which he is good, affectionate, happy, and the perhaps "immoral" heightening of that existence which is somewhat disastrously possible in the achievement of his dreams. In this play, which touches so beautifully and so profoundly on so many questions, this eternal question is restated; of course, not answered. To answer it would be to find the missing word in the great enigma; and to Maeterlinck, who can believe in nothing which is not mystery, it is of the essence of his philosophy not to answer his own question.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

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THE DIAMOND SHOAL LIGHTSHIP

BY AMY LOWELL

Down from the notched peaks of the Great Smoky Mountains, where painted Indians slipped between the fir-trees following a trail of dropped stones chipped six-sided for a guide—

Down across the level miles which range out below the mountains, to the forty notes of a grey mocking-bird singing in a bald cedar—

Down through the hissing marshes of bright-tongued reeds, with a musk-rat nuzzling along the waterways, smelling out a nest, sucking the eggs, diving under a tuft of weather-logged grass.

Across water, not sweet, not salt, with a plover piping overhead—piping—flying—settling on a sand-bar:—

Heaved out of the sea, holding back the salt of the sea, shimmering with eel-grass, shoaling into yellow water, tossing up the folding water, diving and rising for eight good miles, drifting lower, settling to sleep cuddled under the drawn-up water, smiling because a ship cannot see it, chuckling in little continuous ripples when the tide ebbs, close-nosed, breathing deeply, heaving in sleep when the tide makes—

Bright as a cut diamond, yellow as a canary diamond, blue as the under-light in a faceted stone, green with the slant rays jetted up from the foot of a deep stone—

The Diamond Shoal, spilling water out of its hollows and ridges, drying in the sun, printing under the little running feet of terns and sand-pipers, furrowed in zig-zag lines by the tails of horse-shoe crabs.

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Out of the sand jut the eyes and spines of sting-rays, and minnows and shrimps bustle down the water-lanes.

In the green Spring evenings, the drum-fish rattle at the mouths of inlets, calling to the female, calling the song of eggs to be laid; and in the live oaks, beyond the sweet-water Sound, the cardinal grosbeak sings to the purple-shooting dawn, the song of eggs in grey moss, of new birds to fly away with the old when Autumn blows a clear wind upon the rice-fields.

So it was when Indians paddled log canoes, far out at sea, skirting the shoal, growling at the bright shoal, hurrying their paddles through the water.

So it was when the tea-clippers from Boston and New York cut through deep water with yards trimmed Westerly and even the sky-sails stretched and bellied, giving the shoal a wide berth; and so when they returned, torn and frazzled by the yawing Cape winds, and the parrots in the rigging scented land and the running sap in the sweet gums and screeched and flapped their dusty pink wings.

So it was when the whalers of New Bedford beat to sea; and so when they wallowed back again, reeking with whale-oil, keeping a weather-eye to leeward, cursing Cape Hatteras, praying for a moonlight night.

. . . . .

Out of the grey cap of the sky dropped the wind.

Out of the storm-coloured sky snarled the sudden wind, and the heaped waves ran under it, snorting.

They fell upon the shoal, they wormed upon it, drawing their bellies over its ridges. They reared up above the shoal, spotted green and white like Etruscan marble, they hollowed over themselves like cornices of marble, they bent, drooped, hung, and crashed upon the sand, sucking back, mouthing and retreating, slobbered with foam. Crack on the shoal, waves and waves, yeasting with froth, hard green and indigo shells, shocked, broken, spilling grey spume.

The Diamond Shoal hidden under pillars of water, laughing under crawling roofs of water, catching at the keels of ships, creeping up the rudder blades, playing with the bodies of the men who sailed them.

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Out of the South rose the long winds, and from the North clanged the thunder-winds, and through the sand was drawn a fibre of ships' timbers, and snails clung to the thigh-bones of drowned men.

. . . . .

Then they came with mallets and chisels. They sailed over the sweet water loaded gunwale-deep with bricks. They fetched lime and mortar in wide-lipped barges, and stopped for dinner, eating pork-sandwiches out of tin dinner-pails and smoking "lemon yellow" tobacco in the shade of the pile they had already begun.

Beyond them, on the shoaling sands, red-breasted snipe sprang up in the air with loud twirling whistles, and spotted sandpipers skimmed the star-ripples crying "weet, weet, weet."

The sand shifted a little, moving to the fingers of the water, shifted and bided its time.

So it grew, pulsing up at the sky. Every day a heart-beat higher, pointing at the wedges of geese honking overhead in the Spring, flying North; staring at the South-Southerly ducks, as they chattered and flew, steering for the inlets of the Santee River in Autumn.

Up, up, spiralled black and white, a twist-coloured tube of sweetness, a sweet light upon a bitter ocean, and the waves on the Diamond Shoal curled their tails into the sand and wriggled in green contortions, crinkling in the sunlight, laughing in derision, eight miles out to sea.

. . . . .

Then the men with the tin dinner-pails and the clay pipes black with lemon tobacco came again. Came sweeping out of Norfolk navy-yard, escorting a scarlet steamship with no bowsprit and a narrow platform round each mast.

The screw of the scarlet ship turned against the wave-hollows.

The thick flukes struck the huddled water and pushed it sideways.

The forefoot of the vessel bit through the undulating sea with the sharp noise of a burring wheel.

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Fan—push—cut—and forward. Scarlet reflections smothered in over-sliding green. Black smoke wedging out like a marching goose-flock. Land winds thick with the tang of young pine-cones, and a corrugated patch of steel-white water where the bobble of a school of skip-jacks sets innumerable ripples chipping across the surface of the sea.

A scarlet ship to forestall a dim grey destiny. Pork-chops sending the blood of mercy coursing out of strong hearts, filling arteries with the stuff of sacrifice.

. . . . . .

Down cable, thirty fathoms to the ocean floor, and the red ship swings at anchor in a full sea-way five miles off the Diamond Shoal.

Fifteen men shut in a gaudy ship, mocking the winds, eyeing into the squalls, double glading the night waves with twin mast-moons, clicking lights every three seconds against the ten second flash from the great black-banded tower on shore.

Fifteen men polishing brasses, tinkering machinery, sitting up at night to watch their star-beads wire and break over flowing water.

Fifteen men, grinding out silly tunes on a phonograph to lift the crush of hours, contriving cages for the singing birds which flap against the lanterns at night, playing chequers, reading old magazines.

Fifteen men anchored in the middle of the sea, so that ships may sail their ways in safety, and float their cargoes over deep water to the shore-lines of the earth.

. . . . . .

But the fog! Padding over the tops of greasy waves.

The choking fog smoking the lantern-glasses, fouling the straight shoots of light.

Through the fog booms a great steam chime. It cuts the smooth muffle of mist, and sheers over the flat ooze of a rain-dead sea. Days on end it eats the life out of the nerves of fifteen men shut within so many feet of it.

And storms! Storms striking them against their anchor-tow, crowding upon them, spinning over them, beating the

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lanterns to crackles, crashing driven vessels into their broadside, shrieking to them of the jeering, jangling shoal five miles to leeward of their hawse-pull, the under-creeping quicksands whose sucking mouths water green and purple waves in anticipation.

. . . . . .

In the morning
Rings of porpoises.
Bowed up,
Sprung,
Fallen,
Dipping under,
Shooting over and over,
Another and another.
Sharp blue water,
Sharp black fins,
Curving,
Cutting,
Over, down, under.
And then only hard, straight water,
With a four-masted schooner moving across it
Loaded with lumber from Maine
To make baskets for the grape-fruit which California ships back overland.

In the afternoon,
Long lines of barnacle geese
Afloat upon the water;
And a devil-fish swimming in a great curve,
Flinging up into the air with a demi-vault,
Sinking,
His white feelers raised like hands.

Purple, gold, and wine-colour,
The widgeons fly North in the Spring.
In the Autumn,
The black and white terns
Light upon the cross-bars of the wireless apparatus
To rest after the long journey Southward.

. . . . . .

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Sailing ships lie upon the horizon for hours, moving as slowly as the sun moves, and steamers bound for Panama and Valparaiso fuss along under tongues of black smoke with binoculars trained on the weather-flags of the lightship.

But none stop.

The men holystoning the deck call to one another: "The United Fruit Steamer's on the starboard bow." "That old tub of a tramp is almost rail under, Texas cotton from Galveston. A good haul, if it doesn't sink her." "Here comes the Dago whaling-schooner. I have to hold my nose when she goes by." And so on.

Blue days, grey days. Rain opening from stripped clouds. *Wind-flanges burst out of a glaring sky.*

. . . . .

Fifteen men aching for the lighthouse tender, perishing for the feel of gravel under their boot-soles, riding with the petrel on the humping backs of waves, while the geese fly North and South, and the Seasons change, wheeling full-ringed over and beyond into the vague blur of yesterday.

Fifteen men, priest dedicate with lantern and bell. A scarlet monastery held to a mushroom kedge. Tapers burning before a terrible altar.

Fifteen hearts to save a million bodies, with an anthem wheezed out on a phonograph, and a hundred black-headed gulls genuflecting, squealing the responses.

. . . . .

Fishermen in flat-nosed dories rest on their oars and pass the time of day. And when the sun runs level to its reflection in the brass binnacle, they come back with their boats up to the thwarts in plates of emerald and silver, and shout the tally of quintal to the lightship as they jerk by:

Shad, blue fish, mackerel, fading from brilliance into the slow colours of a rainbow opposite a stripling moon.

A thousand deaths to feed a living energy. Fish to make men. Loss footing up a total balance.

. . . . .

A shark streaks the golden water, arrows into the jar of fin-thick water.

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A school of alewives scuttling out of the wide arc of scissor-jaws, flickering down under the smoothing water, leaving a large count to glut the forked, flashed arrow.
Food hungered for, aimed at, achieved.
The sea is long and sliding, only the oblique spout of a sperm whale jostles the horizontal tremour of the horizon. A lazy whale, full of cuttle-fish, lolling and fluking among round waves.

Life, death, and eating. The weather flags go up and down. Men and fishes kill without malice, for food.
The fifteen men eat the flesh of hogs and chickens. Without malice they snare the migrating rails who perch upon the rigging, and roast them for a titbit.
Without malice, and to cheat the whining sands.

. . . . .

A grey belly, spawning men, snouts over the wide sea miles to the East.
Glittering and awash the back emerges, and a thin feeler defines itself against the layers of air.
Snout, snore, to the rotation of oil engines.
A worm guzzling for carrion. A fetid serpent writhing with pleasure at the picture of a red ship struck upon the obscene iris of its one eye.
Dirty eggs in an iron belly, swarming with mirth, cackling at the red ship.
Movement of spawn in a big belly, and the bow guns kick off the flying spray and glare back out of green water as the submarine pushes on to shore.

There are harpoons and fish-hooks on the red ship, but no guns.
The anchors grip the sand, the furnaces are cold.
Rot ripens quicker where there is no movement.
Clipped claws are pleasant fighting.
Women and children on the *Lusitania,* and now—anchored men!
Good hunting—a lightship with no guns.
Safe sport for a scientific nation! Oh! we honour you, you have ripped the cover from the world, and, beneath, the red hearts and the black lie quivering.
Out of dirt, disease; but it is dirt to us still, not corroding.
The sands cannot eat their prey, and you are cousin to the sands.

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Slap the charge into the guns. Crack at the red ship. Splinter the skin of her, and curl upon yourselves with merriment as she sinks by the bow to the heavy wrench of her hawse-chain.

Call a chorus to the seeping shoals. Submerge to the tune of *"Deutschland über Alles."* These men in an open boat above a gurgling graveyard are nothing. There will be steamers and barques later on; and inland, among the rising hills, women with still wombs weeping for their men.

Red hearts in a little boat, cockling over a rolling tide-way, cursing themselves hoarse, spitting oaths at a twinkling periscope.

Honk, Canada geese and buffle-headed duck.

The shoals you know, but this horror you do not know. Until now, it was not. Old age breeds maggots, the maggots of dying kings. Love rotted to lust. Heroism gangrening into murder. The sea-alleys turned into *cloacas* for the running of unclean worms.

But, in the high air, the wedges of birds still fly, and the lower winds stretch against the sterns of wheat-ships, troop-ships, steering East and West, veering away a point or two because the gulls are dropping, going straight when the gulls fly forward. Food and men, and to-morrow like a halo hanging over the muzzles of the guns.

AMY LOWELL.

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SWINBURNE AS A POET OF ENTHUSIASM

BY MARIETTA NEFF

In *Portraits and Sketches,* Mr. Gosse says that, when the fury of the public against Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads* (First Series) was at its height, Professor Jowett and Mazzini met to discuss "what can be done with and for Algernon?" In the *Dictionary of National Biography,* Mr. Gosse gives the further information that, when Mazzini begged the poet to renounce his love-frenzy, and dedicate his genius to the Republic, Swinburne replied by sitting at Mazzini's feet and reciting from memory *A Song of Italy.* Mr. Gosse does not add what is surely true, that this poem and *Song Before Sunrise,* the volume to which the poet devoted the next three years, have characteristics even more likely than those of *Poems and Ballads* to make the reader wonder what manner of youth it was whose energies were thus diverted.

Swinburne was, in a sense, the victim of the precocity indicated in his early work, even more than of the lack of such graces as make gregariousness pleasant, or of the uncertain health and almost total deafness that, for the last thirty years of his life, shut him from the world. Anyone who believes Swinburne to be an intellectual poet must take into account the fact that, in boyhood, between the ages of fourteen and twenty, he formed his opinions on politics, literature, art, and life; that he developed very early a technique marvellously suited to the expression of his personality, and that he had ceased, even before middle age, to take any interest in new names or new ideas. It is surely possible for a man to have both a wide knowledge of literature, with noteworthy scholarship in certain fields, and a rather star-

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tling heterodoxy in politics and religion, without being possessed of a fundamentally intellectual mode of apprehending life. Swinburne was indifferent to science; he had, it seems, almost no acquaintance, at first hand, with modern philosophy; and he was, apparently, by temperament, not so much thoughful as mentally passionate. In reading him, one is frequently reminded of Goethe's criticism of Byron: "*Sobald er reflectirt, is er ein Kind.*" Perhaps one need not apologize, therefore, for holding that, as critic, revolutionist, and philosopher, Swinburne bestows the gift of a point of view forever youthful, devoid of neither youth's wisdom nor its excess.

In almost every case, Swinburne is guilty, in verse criticism, of both prejudice and lack of restraint. He bows the knee to those rebel spirits whose poetry he is fain to praise because he is responsive to their radicalism. By some inscrutable boon of fate, haters of kings and haters of gods are also the lordliest singers. Marlowe, Milton, Shelley, Landor and Hugo are grouped about the throne occupied by Shakespeare, whom, for love's sake, the poet contrives more than once to represent as the supreme patriot. The fact that so many of Swinburne's literary judgments are tributes of personal friendship, and so many are epicedia, is another reason for the quality of excess in them. The mood is encomiastic, and the form chosen to express even what purports to be the critical aspect of eulogy often makes it difficult for one to gain from an entire poem any clearly defined point of view, or any clean-edged phrase. The intellectual outlines of ideas are blurred by fantastic imagery and undiscriminating superlatives. Of poems that blend in a radiant phantasmagoria literary criticism and images of the physical world, *In the Bay,* in honor of Marlowe and Shelley, and *An Autumn Vision,* in memory of Shakespeare, are most remarkable. Of long summaries, in figurative language, of the literary work of a life-time, *Song for the Centenary of Walter Savage Landor, The Statue of Victor Hugo,* and *A New Year Ode to Victor Hugo* are typical. Without either a key or familiarity with every piece referred to, the reader finds such poems obscure. He also regrets their failure to indicate degrees of value in a man's work. The critical sonnets have more precision and restraint, as their form would make inevitable. *Cor Cordium* is almost faultless, and *Ben Jonson* admirable. *Ave atque Vale,*

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though not the most startlingly individual in method of Swinburne's longer verse tributes to brother poets, is, nevertheless, the most nearly perfect, or, at any rate, the most beautiful in sensuous appeal. The poet's various modes of appraisal it combines in verse free from the irritating mannerisms displayed in *Poems and Ballads* (First Series), but characterized by the subtle languors that made that volume enchanting. The praise in *Ave atque Vale* is keyed low, as if, standing so near the veiled porch of Persephone, the poet attuned his worship to some "cadence of dead sighing," and mingled melodious elegy with the tears "wept by effaced, unprofitable eyes." The theme is happy: the very figure that makes the *leitmotif* for this subdued music is inwoven in *Les Fleurs du Mal.* The poet felt the affinity of those faded blossoms,

"Sweet-smelling, pale with poison, sanguine-hearted,"

with his own "bloomless buds of poppies" and "green grapes of Proserpine"; and he knew Baudelaire's "obscure Venus of the hollow hill" to be, not the Grecian Aphrodite, but "a ghost, a bitter and luxurious god," to whom he himself gave praise. *Ave atque Vale* means but death, and in it all the ways of death are delicately alluring, as if in proof of Maupassant's belief that the lovely defect in Swinburne's genius was its taint of the macabre. But in this poem, perhaps, more than in any of the others, in the same mood, the frail has become the perfect.

The poet who entered so sympathetically into the passive world of Baudelaire was at home in another sphere, where men had zest for battle. Swinburne was less the champion of outworn bodies and diseased minds than of the victims of political or ecclesiastical tyranny. As a revolutionist, he suggests Byron, in that he was almost wholly destructive. But he would doubtless have called himself a revolutionist after the manner of Milton, Cromwell, Shelley, Landor, and, most of all, Hugo and Mazzini. It would, in truth, be more nearly just to criticize the revolutionary doctrines of Hugo and Mazzini than those of their disciple; for it was to the somewhat questionable types of radicalism exemplified by these two men that Swinburne gave his life-long allegiance. Like Mazzini, he was distinguished for the idealist's dreams rather than for the practical man's wisdom, and for the mystic's worship of liberty rather than for the statesman's understanding of the principles of economics or the science

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of government. Like Hugo, in both politics and literature, he exhibited himself in poetry as one of the most brilliant and spectacular of radicals. In some half dozen poems to the Italian, and nearly twice as many to the French patriot, he expressed his devotion in terms that might, to placid, unrevolutionary minds, seem blasphemous. Mazzini he addressed as "very Christ," and "God clothed upon with human hours." Hugo he named "comforter and prophet, Paraclete and poet."

A careful study of the intellectual and imaginative traits manifest in such volumes as *Les Contemplations* and *La Légende des siècles,* for example, might show that a greater degree of influence than is usually supposed, was exerted by Hugo upon the English poet who adored him as a god. In regard to *Les Châtiments,* the case is clear. Whether Swinburne reflected consciously or unconsciously the light of Shelley or Hugo or any other of the poets idolized by him, might be less difficult to determine, did not his own parodies reveal his uncanny facility in imitating both his brother poets and himself. *Nephelidia* and *Heptalogia* demonstrate how easy it must have been for him to put his heart to school to poetic influences. For another reason, it might be hard to appraise the indebtedness to Hugo. Unlike as were Swinburne and Hugo in physical type, and differently as they managed the outward course of their lives, they were as poets, or, at least, as poets of revolt, in many ways remarkably akin. Each was endowed with a genius greater than his mentality; each was responsive, within the bounds of philosophic poetry, to much the same type of literary influence, all the way from Aeschylus or Lucretius to Shelley; each was a priest of liberty, and a seer, enraptured with his vision of a sublimated, pantheistic democracy; each ceased, long before the end of his poetic career, to develop intellectually, but continued to sing with a splendid fervor, a command of words and images, and a mastery of verse forms and of all the luxuries of sound, such as are possible only to those upon whom a great and abiding lyric gift has been bestowed. This kinship of genius between the French and the English poet is, doubtless, not wholly unaccountable for the worshipful attitude of Swinburne, who, lacking the expansive egoism of Hugo, fell with ease into hagiolatry, especially the burning of incense before the shrines of revolutionary poet-saints.

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No less generously than he poured libation of the wine of praise, Swinburne uncorked the vials of his wrath. He possibly considered that Dante, Milton, and Landor had given him noble precedent for so bitter an expense of spirit, but he profited more, one surmises, by the example of the author of *Les Châtiments,* from whose numerous apostrophes to "The Saviour of Society," "*Quand l'eunuque régnait à côte du César,*" with its arraignment of Napoleon III as,

"*Haillon humain, hibou déplumè, bête morte,*"

might serve as a typical example of the kind of invective that characterizes *Dirae* and *Songs Before Sunrise.* To be sure, the master, more than the disciple, sins by excess. Yet Swinburne's hatred of Napoleon III and Pius IX, no less than his worship of Hugo and Mazzini, betrays the hysteria that Mr. Gosse calls animalism.

Like his bitterness toward the Catholic Church in particular and institutional religion in general, Swinburne's hostility to the Pope was due primarily to his belief that organized religon was in league with tyranny. But his favorite tenets, anti-clerical, anti-ecclesiastic, and anti-theistic, cannot be dismissed as springing simply from dislike of the activities of the Church of Rome in the field of European politics. They were part of a complex of passionate intuitions, and derived opinions,—ancient and modern. This complex has been variously denominated paganism, positivism, pan-anthropism, and pantheism. The suggestions that follow can hardly be synthesized into any proof that the poet ever evolved, in the philosophic sense, an ordered system of belief. They have to do merely with what the poems themselves make clear concerning the concepts that appealed most strongly and persistently to the poet's mind, and with the literary sources and the literary expression of those ideas.

For many years, Swinburne's paganism continued to be, as it was in *Atalanta in Calydon,* that brilliant drama of his youth, a cult of sorrow. In *Atalanta,* the ancient ideas of the inevitableness of fate, the cruelty of the madness sent upon those whom Heaven would destroy, and the wisdom of walking softly before malignant deity are merged in the poet's individual expression of love of liberty and hatred of gods. The orthodox commonplaces of the classical chorus have become the substance of ecstatic vision, and of yearning for beauty, and, also, of anarchism and despair. But,

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if this mood were to become habitual, the Christian hierarchy might easily be substituted for the Olympian, and an objurgation against Zeus, in the name of Prometheus, might be metamorphosed into an anathema against God in the name of Christ and the humanity represented by him. Such a process, essentially imaginative, may have been concerned in Swinburne's case, for his paganism seems not so much reasoned as emotional.

The positivism of Swinburne, if one prefer that term, appears rather classic, Lucretian, than modern French or English. It recognizes only the knowledge derived from sense experience, and it particularly insists that death will not disquiet us with any vain longing after ourselves. As the poet grew older and spiritually richer, he questioned, in poems like *After Sunset, On the Verge,* and *A Sequence of Sonnets on the Death of Robert Browning,* the arrogant certainty that death "is the end of every man's desire"; but he perhaps never gave up his dogma of the poppied sleep, uttered with Lucretian fervor in *The Garden of Proserpine, Hymn to Proserpine, Ilicet,* and *A Ballad of Burdens.*

By one of Swinburne's four sonnets to Giordano Bruno, one may feel confirmed in the supposition that the poet owed his positivistic attitude primarily to classical influences. It is worth noting, incidentally, that to Bruno, the martyr, Swinburne was naturally attracted, and that in Bruno, the philosopher, he found precedent for the pantheistic symbolism of the "all-forming, all-animating primitive light," the worship of which inspires *The Last Oracle, Christmas Antiphones III, Off Shore, By the North Sea VII,* and *Thalassius.* Whatever the poet's personal indebtedness to the Renaissance Neo-Platonist may have been, he rapturously addressed him, in the sonnet referred to above, as walking apart with Lucretius, until Shelley came to augment the sweetness of the heaven of heavens.

The *De Rerum Natura* is certainly not, however, the only source of Swinburne's positivism, or, in any case, of the literary form in which he embodied it. He may have endeavored to test Comte's construction by transferring, after the manner of Frederic Harrison, "the worship and discipline of Catholicism to a system in which 'the conception of God is superseded' by the abstract idea of Humanity, conceived as a kind of Personality." Or he may have been disposed by his reading of either classical or mediaeval litera-

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ture, to apply to other forms of adoration the nomenclature of Catholic worship. In mediaeval love poetry, with which he was familiar, he found daring perversions of ritual. Perversions of an extreme type he found in Baudelaire, also, and he may even have got from that Catholic and conservative poet, to whom the idea of progress was an ecstasy of credulous fools, a suggestion of the Great Being, "*Humanité,*" the spirit of man, abstracted and apotheosized. He surely derived from Baudelaire, as, evidently, from Shelley and Hugo, elements of his attitude toward Christ in the poems devoted to the cult of humanity. In Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound,* for instance, one form of torture visited upon the rebellious Titan is a vision of the anguished eyes and wan lips and thorn-wounded brow of the crucified Christ, whose innocent name is destined to become a curse. Likewise, in the section of *Les Fleurs du Mal* entitled *Révolte,* Christ becomes a symbol of the utmost human woe. Of these poems, *Le Reniement de Saint Pierre* apostrophizes the forsaken Jesus with pity for his suffering, which is individual and yet, because of his measureless humanity, vastly typical; *Abel et Caïn* appeals to the race of Cain to mount heavenward and hurl God to the earth; and *La Mort,* which notably suggests the Swinburnean mood, presents "*l'Humanité,*"

> "*Criant à Dieu, dans sa furibonde agonie:*
> '*O mon semblable, ô mon maitre, je te maudis!*'"

But Swinburne is not always anti-theistic in the morbidly blasphemous manner of Baudelaire, and, though stanchly anti-clerical, he is not, in his revolutionary verse, anti-Christian. He does not echo Hugo's healthy-minded platitudes about "*fraternité des hommes, paternité de Dieu,*" but he is often inclined, like Hugo, to regard the betrayal of democracy as a repetition of the betrayal of Christ, and to denounce, in similarly vituperative language, the unholy alliance between church and state.

In *Les Châtiments,* he rails at the man-beasts that prey upon France; he associates Emperor and priests and politicians with Satan and Cain and Judas, charges bishops with spitting "Te Deum" in the face of God, and clergy with howling "Daemonem laudamus"; and he refers ironically to the apotheosis or the canonization of Napoleon III. Possibly "*Le Te Deum du Ier Janvier 1852,*" addressed to Arch-

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bishop Sibour, comes nearest, in the whole volume, to furnishing a parallel to Swinburne's genius for mingling ideas of the lust of blood with Christian symbols of sacrifice and atonement. Of poems asserting that Christ is perpetually sold and resold, the most notable in *Les Châtiments* are "*Paroles d'un Conservateur à propos d'un Perturbateur,*" and "*A un Martyr,*" which presents, in conclusion, a terrible picture of the pale and pensive God that bleeds eternally on black Golgotha. Among various poems illustrating Swinburne's similiar treatment of Christ, *Siena* and *Before a Crucifix* are significant. In *Siena,* Razzi's Christ is described in the Shelleyan manner. In *Before a Crucifix,* the identification of Christ with humanity runs through several stanzas such as this:

> O sacred head, O desecrate,
> O labor-wounded feet and hands,
> O blood poured forth in pledge of fate
> Of nameless lives in divers lands,
> O slain and spent and sacrificed
> People, the grey-grown speechless Christ!

The despairing weariness of this apprehension of Christ as the prototype of the suffering human race, and this consequent indentification of his true worship with the cult of man, is corrected by the mood of pagan self-sufficiency in the presence of fate,—exaltation of the human spirit, isolated, serene, with strength self-derived and returning into itself. Baudelaire, searching for some symbol beyond symbols, of incarnate sorrow and failure, had sung "*Les Litanies de Satan,*" but Swinburne married New World pain to Old World strength in the *Hymn of Man,* which is probably the most vivid of his positivistic utterances. This poem, inspired by the Oecumenical Council that promulgated the dogma of Papal Infallibility, adds the fervor of a martyr's defeat and triumph to the accustomed hymn of praise on the theme, "Glory to Man in the Highest." Some variant of the one doctrine of "the great god man which is God" recurs in poem after poem. "Man's soul is man's God;" it is "the pure spirit of man that men call God;" "Freedom, God and man" are one; "the snow-bright splendour of Christ," and "the blood-bright splendour of Brutus" are, for the holy spirit of man, "rays of its sovereign sphere, springs of its motion."

The *Hymn of Man* may be called an exposition of either

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pan-anthropism or pantheism. In any case, the point of view is clear. Similarly, *Hertha* is a pantheistic manifesto. *On the Downs,* the 1880 *Birthday Ode for the Anniversary Festival of Victor Hugo,* and a very late poem, *A Nympholept,* express with a less dogmatic grace the poet's consciousness of the one spirit, "indivisible ever and immanent." *A Nympholept,* in particular, shows how, in the course of the years, a troubles sense of fate and inexorable law has grown into the peace of some dear intimacy with nature.

The most human element in the tentative faith of Swinburne's later days, that nature and death are one with love, is his mystical adoration of children. This new interest is expressed in forms not uninfluenced by Blake and Hugo. Fortunately, Swinburne is untouched by Hugo's sentimentality, for the reason, it may be, that he had no experience of *"l'art d'être grand-père."* It is not fitting for anyone to touch upon those aspects of the thwarted will to live that the best of Swinburne's poems about children reveal; but it is not fantastic or impertinent to see in the series called *A Dark Month,* and in other equally sincere poems in the same genre, evidence of a deeper faith in life than the poet acknowledges elsewhere. He had come to believe, as he apparently did not in his youth, in Duty and Thought and Righteousness as sure stars, but he looked to the visible godhead of a child as the "loveliest lamp for earthly feet." In doing so, he was guided more by sensitive feelings than by a philosophic mind.

It is surely not ungrateful for one to hold, in considering a poet, that, though he may be, in a sense, as Shelley generously said of Keats, "gathered to the kings of thought," he joins that goodly fellowship by reason of his pre-eminence not in criticism, or political science, or metaphysics, but in poetry, not in opinions intellectually supported, but in ideas imaginatively apprehended and passionately uttered. It is not surprising, moreover, that Swinburne expressed himself with generous enthusiasm, but with visionary extravagance as well, since, even as a poet of ideas, he derived his inspiration from minds poetic rather than practical.

Of necessity, any study of the intellectual aspects of poetry so emotional as Swinburne's could not be dissociated from incidental reference to its imaginative qualities. The latter are, however, so various and so unusual that they demand direct consideration. Swinburne's most notable

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poetic imagery appears to originate from three main sources: personification, with emphasis upon sex characteristics; the Bible and the Prayer Book; and three cosmic elements—air, fire and water.

Swinburne's fondness for personification, often of an obscure type based on incompletely visualized images, seems due, in part, to classical influences. It may be traced, too, to the poet's concern with Italy, France, freedom, the Church, the earth, or the sea—all traditionally feminine for those mythopœic minds to which institutions or abstract ideas or natural forces become sentient beings. This tendency to personify must owe, furthermore, something to the great number of Biblical figures of speech based on sex, and to the erotic character of the literary inspiration of the early poems. The erotomania of *Poems and Ballads* (First Series) involves a technique for expressing the morbid emotion inherent in such subjects as Aphrodite, Phaedra, Pasiphaë, Hermaphroditus, Faustina, Anactoria, Erotion, or Aholibah, for instance. This technique is carried over into *Songs Before Sunrise,* and from it into later volumes. It is natural that the poet's imagination, so obsessed in his youth, should never entirely cease to brood upon sterile, unholy loves, or the union of those who beget and bear children of light, nourished with milk, or children of wrath, made drunk with blood.

It is rather ironical that a man whose work is, beyond that of all other English poets, saturated with Biblical imagery and reminiscent of liturgical practice, should, according to tradition, at least, have been disgraced at Oxford for insufficient knowledge of Scripture. In connection with Swinburne's religious radicalism, some of the literary sources of his peculiar mode of employing Biblical ideas have been suggested. To these might be added the ecstatic quasi-Catholicism of his youth, his knowledge of Italian literature, and his intimacy with Rossetti and other members of the pre-Raphaelite group. For adaptations of religious phraseology, he was presumably less indebted to mediaeval literature than to such poems as Baudelaire's *A Une Madone, Franciscae Meae Laudes, La Prière d'un Païen,* and *Les Litanies de Satan.* Some of Swinburne's most remarkable poems illustrating this strange kind of parody are *Dolores, A Song of Italy, After Nine Years, Super Flumina Babylonis, The Litany of Nations, Quia Multum Amavit, By the North*

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Sea, Dirae, Before a Crucifix, and *Hymn of Man.* Two examples of imitations of passages in the Prayer Book will serve to make clear the poet's method. The first is a canticle of the theme "*Benedicite, omnia opera Domini,*" except that praise of Mazzini is substituted for praise of the Lord. This canticle, which fills nearly six columns of fine print in *A Song of Italy,* closes with a doxology, by a full choir of "children cities," joined with risen Rome in praise. The penchant for figures connected with Christian worship was not an affectation of the poet's youth; it became a permanent imaginative bias. Even more interesting, because of the lapse of years, and more subtly daring, is the liturgical pattern worked out in the imagery of such a passage as *By the North Sea* VI, where, for three stanzas, the abstract definition of God, in the Creed, controls the poet's elaboration of his theme, "Death, and change, and darkness everlasting." If there were opportunity to show adequately the influence of both the Prayer Book and the Bible upon Swinburne's imagination, there could be no question that, to much of his own verse, his comment upon certain studies by Simeon Solomon, the pre-Raphaelite painter, would be equally applicable: "Something of Exekiel is here mixed with something of Anacreon; here the *Anthology* and the *Apocalypse* have each set a distinct mark: the author of the *Canticles* and the author of the *Atys* have agreed for a while to work together."

Unless the term were qualified, it would be as erroneous to call Swinburne the poet of nature as to call him the poet of religion. His mannerisms, his sensuousness, and his tendency to blur with a profusion of images the intellectual outlines of his ideas, suggests the luxuriant style of the poet of *Endymion.* Yet Keats did not live beyond the mood in which he dwelt more ardently upon tender woes and the material loveliness of the world than upon the death-day of empires. Swinburne, happily, had time and opportunity to pass, as Keats only dreamed of doing, to a life made nobler by its sympathy with "the strife of human hearts." Thus it is that, in spite of his stylistic affinity with Keats, Swinburne, as a poet of revolution, and a poet of nature, shows his spiritual kinship with Shelley. Nature he conceived symbolically. It is true that, as he grew older and saner, he ceased to be a gardener of red lilies, white roses, amorous myrtles, and Lethean poppies and lotus, and culled

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from the real world, hawthorne, whinbloom, marigolds, heather-flower, broom, sea-daisies, laurustinus, and acacia. But he gathered more gladly, perhaps, moon-flowers and foam-flowers, wind-flowers and sea-flowers and flowers aflame, and again, some "infinite blossom of blossoms." Neither were the eagles and vultures of his satire, or the doves and nightingales of his songs of love so real to him as the sea-mew; but no bird of earth and sky was so dear as wide-pinioned hopes or strong-winged souls, "both god and bird." And the bitterness of the oft-recurring figure of treading the wine-press grew in time less keen than the joy of beholding sunrise and sunset, and of plunging into the "deep, divine, dark dayshine of the sea." To say these things is to attribute to Swinburne an increasingly Shelleyan imagination. But the relation of his poetry to Shelley's is easier to feel than to define. It is too delicately reminiscent merely to have borrowed, and too passionate to have imitated. It, likewise, is full of impetuosity and speed, of radiance and music. It, too, is the product of an imagination for which winds from the four corners of the earth dare to play among the heavenly galaxies and rejoice to plough up the sea.

Since competent critics have held that, as a poet of ideas, Swinburne deserves a high place in English letters, one asserts, with some hesitancy, that the poet is distinguished less for profound thinking than for exalted enthusiasm. It is pleasant, therefore, to close a discussion maintaining such a point of view, with emphasis upon the noble beauty of the verse in which the poet most passionately avows the ideal interests that give meaning to his imaginative life. Nowhere else, perhaps, within the same number of pages, does that acknowledgment arouse more sympathetic response than in the small volume named *Songs of the Spring Tides*. There the poet speaks less impersonally than is his wont. There he confesses how Sappho's first Lesbian word flamed on him; how wind and sun and sea ministered to him, "a fosterling and fugitive on earth"; and how, for him, adoration of Victor Hugo was made holier by its blending with the worship of

> Sea and bright wind and heaven of ardent air.

Songs of the Spring Tides is great poetry; and, in particular, *Thalassius*, the introductory poem, recalls Longinus' saying that passages of extraordinary genius carry the hearer not to persuasion, but to ecstasy. MARIETTA NEFF.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS. By Julia Collier Harris. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The influence of a man of letters appears to depend upon the fact that we are all—far more than we commonly realize—members of one spiritual community or organism. The art of the literary man is after all but an expression of his personality. And the personality of a gifted man—not necessarily a writer or a teacher or a preacher, but a man of charity, of insight, and of humor—enriches the life about him in a somewhat mysterious way. His superiorities, to be sure, cannot be successfully imitated; it is in vain that one tries to appropriate them in any external way. Yet they become a part of one; they enter into one's nature and work there, as certain ferments do in the blood, causing the healthy functioning and the growth of powers one was scarcely conscious of possessing.

Just as simple and just as mysterious as this social influence, which most people feel in some degree, is the literary influence, which is felt by fewer in anything like the highest degree. When literature ceases to be like social contact it begins to be questionable; it begins to partake of the nature of philosophy, or of art for art's sake, or of mere emotional experiment. The process of appreciating is not really like the process of learning. It is something much more intimate than that. It is more like friendship, or love, or religious conversion. Or, to return to the physiological metaphor, it is like a transfusion of blood.

There is good reason in these analogies for the feeling most of us have in reading a good and congenial author of increased satisfaction both with our author and with ourselves—especially with ourselves. It is not merely a selfish feeling. The author has not merely instructed us, he has not just grossly endowed us with something; he has really awakened something in us, and we are, so far forth, as gifted as he. We are for the moment as high-minded and as clever as Mark Twain or Joel Chandler Harris. Our goodness and our cleverness may be buried in insensitive grey matter or subdued by circumstances; but it is there—we feel it. "Perhaps these things are so!"

At all events—in whatever way you explain it,—American literature has always been characteristically of the kind that most closely resembles social contact in its manner and its effect.

English literature has always tended to be didactic. Even Goldsmith and Dickens could not refrain from being didactic. The later

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English writers, ceasing to be didactic, have become disturbing. The work of such men as Shaw and Wells and Galsworthy, is a highly concentrated *intellectual* ferment. It is not, *par excellence,* the *literary* ferment. Intellect is essential to literature, but literature is not synonymous with over-developed mentality.

American literature has been somewhat nearer nature than English literature since the eighteenth century. Has English literature ever fully recovered from the eighteenth century? American literature from Irving to Henry Sydnor Harrison has more of an affinity with Chaucer and with Shakespeare, in his prose vein, than with Wells or Shaw. Our American authors have not generally set out to teach us; nor have they greatly disturbed us. Holmes, to be sure, was a bit of an iconoclast; but he simply prodded the old fogies—he did not, like Shaw and Wells, challenge and perturb the rising generation.

For the most part our great American authors—as well as our merely good ones—have simply entered into our souls. One of the great ones was Joel Chandler Harris.

Is it not an amazing thing—one of the mysteries of life—that a subtle shade of feeling can be precisely conveyed by means that cannot be defined and reduced to a method? Long before Harris wrote, the ways and the speech of the negro were well known. But since Uncle Remus we have gained a new sympathy and a brand new sense of humor.

Uncle Remus was a "creation." He was not any particular negro. "He was not an invention of my own," wrote Harris, "but a human syndicate, I might say, of three or four old darkies whom I had known. I just walloped them together into one person."

Needless to say the construction of such a human syndicate and the breathing of the breath of life into it requires genius. And a mark of genius in this matter is obsession by the character created. Harris does not tell us just how Uncle Remus affected him. In regard to Aunt Minervy Ann he does in a slight degree "give himself away." "I have been intensely absorbed in the series," he wrote concerning the Aunt Minervy stories; "more so than in anything I have ever written. *There have been moments when I could hear her voice as plainly as I now hear the youngsters talking in the sitting room.*"

Next to insight into character as a test of the real gift of the story-teller comes insight into language. How few of those who write dialect do more than copy dull improprieties of English or at most occasional instances of quaint speech. But Harris knew that a dialect as well as a language may express the soul of a race, that it may possess not only quaintness but character, and elusive inner laws of its own; that the negro's dialect may have certain racial advantages over the white man's formal speech; that at its best it is inimitable. "I am very fond of writing this dialect," he said. "It has a fluency all its own; it gives a new coloring to statement, and allows a swift shading to narrative that can be reached in literary English only in the most painful and roundabout way."

But the most betraying symptom that Harris recorded is his strong sense of a double personality.

"As for myself," he once wrote to his daughters in a letter that

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touched upon the subject of literary craftsmanship—" As for myself—though you could hardly call me a real, sure enough author—I never have anything but the vaguest ideas of what I am going to write; but when I take my pen in hand, the rust clears away, and the 'other fellow' takes charge. . . . I have often asked my 'other fellow' where he gets all his information, and how he can remember, in the nick of time, things that I have forgotten long ago; but he never satisfies my curiosity. He is simply a spectator of my folly until I seize a pen, and then he comes forward and takes charge."

Yet Harris would never have admitted that he was a genius.

Nothing is more annoying to a constitutionally shy man than to be constantly assured by well-meaning friends that he has no occasion for shyness. The shy man, if he were not shy, might call his friend a liar, and might perhaps be justified. Is not a shy man one who knows his own weaknesses, and a bold man one who does not? It seems no more than just to Harris to acknowledge that he was in some ways a bit commonplace, that he had reason for feeling somewhat acutely the contrast between his usual self and the other fellow, reason for feeling a bit out of place on some occasions and in some companies. Who would surrender a bit of this commonplaceness that kept Harris so thoroughly human? It is as precious as his genius, for it makes him one of us—not in form and manners, but in frank commonness.

The biography shows us a shy democratic man; a faithful, lovable, mirth-loving man, with a good deal of the small boy about him; a brilliant journalist of the old-fashioned type—wit a little forced sometimes, sentiment a little too pretty, but sound and bright, and much superior to the ordinary; a companionable, affording man among a group of his friends, not too critical of his own witicisms and sometimes gloriously funny. It shows us, in short a splendid and favorable example of what is except for extreme sensitiveness, an American type. This, rather than a genius—though the genius flashes out now and then in the man's superior thought, energy, or kindness.

Hillaire Belloc remarks profoundly that democracy—the doctrine that men are born equal—is essentially a mystical belief. The life of a man like Harris lets us into the secret of this belief through the literary doorway. He, more than authors who have preached Americanism and simplicity in a more brilliant way, makes us feel that the gifted man of letters is of the same clay with ourselves and that he does not, or should not wish to be of any other clay. He is one of us, and we despite our want of genius are at one with him.

JOAN AND PETER. By H. G. Wells. New York: the Macmillan Company.

H. G. Wells's new novel, *Joan and Peter,* is not so good a novel as *Mr. Britling Sees it Through* or *The Research Magnificent,* but it is a very wonderful novel, notwithstanding—such a novel as no one but Wells could or would write.

As a story, *Joan and Peter* has the human "grip" which Mr. Wells in his seemingly negligent manner never fails to give to his

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tales, despite the fact that he separates his chapters into numbered sections, after the fashion of Archbishop Whately in his *Rhetoric*, and that he scorns to depend overmuch upon plot or situation. *Joan and Peter* is crammed full of characters frankly lovable, deliciously hateful, or charmingly atrocious. In character-drawing, Wells has the touch of a caricaturist—not a crude exaggerator, but a caricaturist with genius. There is glee in his characterizations—and much truth. His is the method of an artist who perceives acutely and renders readily salient human traits, but who is above all anxious to make his ideas shine through.

In *Joan and Peter* there is, needless to say, an abundance of ideas. No novel of Wells's is more rewarding in its variety of comment upon life. But the story lacks the unity of *Tono-Bungay* or *The Research Magnificent,* in both of which all the ideas are brought to a burning focus, and it is also without the unity possessed by *Mr. Britling,* which is a marvelously coherent record of spiritual development in the shadow of the great war.

What Mr. Wells has to say, in this novel, about English education is very pointed and very pertinent; but it somehow falls short of being really illuminating. The scholastic fatuities and abuses which Wells here satirizes seem, from an American point of view at least, somewhat old-fashioned, or faddish. A broadly scientific education, unhampered by the traditional standards of the universities, is what Mr. Wells seems to want. In America we have something like this, and yet. . . .

What Mr. Wells has to say about sex in this novel seems more than usually irrelevant. The author yields once again to his fondness for showing how the sexual instinct manifests itself in children; he takes Joan and Peter through adolescence and youth with even a superfluity of adventure. And all this comes just to the border-line of tediousness—though frank talk about sex is good, and though Mr. Wells's realism here as elsewhere is not simply truthful, but is also critical and challenging.

The conclusion of the whole matter, as Mr. Wells sees it, is big and definite. But it seems a rather general conclusion to result from a minute examination of the defects of the English school system and a close analysis of the love experiences of two young people.

Mr. Wells needs for the expression of his ideas in this novel three spokesmen.

The first spokesman is Oswald. Oswald was in love with Dolly, but Dolly preferred Arthur and married him. Their son was Peter, whose foster-sister Joan was really his cousin, though she was supposed to be his half-sister. Arthur, in a somewhat listless, characterless, late-Victorian way, was unfaithful to his wife—out of deference to free thought, mainly. Dolly was disgusted, but she stuck to Arthur and sent Oswald away. Oswald went to Africa, where he took part in a genuine work of civilization and gained a new conception of the mission of the British Empire. When he came back to England, Dolly and Arthur were both dead, and Oswald found himself charged with the guardianship of Peter and Joan.

Oswald had two passions—a passion for right education, and a passion for the right sort of empire-building. These two passions

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blended into one. His attempts to convert others to his own views concerning the nature of civilization, and his persistent efforts to find the right schools for Peter and Joan are at once funny and pathetic. They are more: they arouse a certain indignation.

The second protagonist is Peter. Peter by the time he had finished his schooling had outgrown the ideas that had satisfied Oswald. Oswald had taken refuge in the conception of science and in his own conceptions of civilization. Facts are clean, he told himself, and the betterment of man's estate is a thing that appeals to one as dissipation and routine cannot. But Peter was a bit more divinely discontented than his mentor—he saw further than Oswald into the general purposelessness of things. He was disillusioned somewhat too thoroughly, and he was in imminent danger of wasting his life. Oswald could not hold him. Neither could Joan, who was in love with him.

The third and best spokesman whom Mr. Wells employs is no other than the Lord God.

Peter went to the war as an airman. He was wounded, and in his delirium he had a remarkable dream. He dreamed that he was seeking for the Lord God through endless corridors in a building filled with official persons, none of whom could tell him the way to the head office. "It was like the War Office, only more so." He found God at last in the dingiest untidiest little office it is possible to imagine. "And the Lord God of Heaven and Earth had the likeness of a lean, tired, intelligent-looking, oldish man, with an air of futile friendliness masking a fundamental indifference."

It is not permissible to spoil an extraordinary piece of writing by paraphrasing it. Peter's interview with the Lord God is a work of genius. Without eloquence, but with subtle and far-reaching irony, it expresses his underlying conception of a deity who expects man's coöperation.

THE FUTURE OF GERMAN INDUSTRIAL EXPORTS. By S. Herzog. Translated from the original German by M. L. Turrentine. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

The chief thing to be said about the book, *The Future of German Industrial Exports,* is that every American ought to read it. No war book is more important or more timely than this.

The book, now translated into English for American readers, is the work of an eminent German engineer and economist. It was published in Germany in 1915. It was not intended for any but German readers.

Here you may find, set forth with smug complacency, with an irritating assumption of God-given authority, and with tedious, conscientious—or rather, conscienceless—thoroughness, a well-developed scheme for putting all the other nations of the earth under Germany's commercial thumb.

Germany, the author blandly admits, has incurred the hatred of the world, and this hatred is a commercial liability. But all commerce is war, and the world even in time of peace is a battlefield. Germany can win in the struggle because she will be able to produce

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"unsurpassable goods." She will do this by utilizing her superior genius *and also* by obtaining control of the essential raw materials. She will put an end to the "transplanting of industries" and will employ the system of compensations in order to keep her industries going and so to injure the industries of other nations.

Within Germany the plan contemplates such a rigid state control of industry as the world has never known. The rights of individuals are to be ignored; labor is to be made servile; and the success of the industrial campaigns mapped out by the state is to be assured by guarantees, to provide which all business is to be taxed. Trade secrets are to be kept as exclusive German possessions.

Outside Germany, the campaign is to be carried out by every species of deceit and force that an active German mind can imagine. Commerce must be camouflaged. Propaganda must be kept up and their must be more adaptation to foreign customs in business and industry. A guise of friendliness must be put on. At the same time German goods are to be denationalized. "The German trademark ought not to be used at first in export trade with formerly hostile countries; the same rule holds good in placing German patent stamps on the outside of goods. . . . No labelling of goods by the country of their origin can be permitted foreign officials against the will of the German exporter." Diplomacy in foreign countries will be made into an elaborate system of commercial spying.

It is expected, of course, that the "formerly hostile" countries will be conquered, and that Germany will be able to dictate terms of peace to them. These terms are to provide that the Prussians may select their own properties in this, and every other, country and operate them under imperial jurisdiction; that their officials be stationed in Allied territory to punish any one refusing to buy their goods—with much more of similar purport.

The minute details of the scheme, happily, need not interest us. It is the monstrous completeness of the thing, its coldly logical selfishness, its ghastly pretense of moderation, which shock one's now almost German-proof nerves.

Does any one doubt that the Allies have justification for preparing to check Germany's commercial expansion after the war? If so, let him read this book. Is every one satisfied upon this point? Let all nevertheless inform themselves fully concerning the sort of thing that we may expect from an undemocratized Germany even in time of peace. These things are not easily imagined by people accustomed to think of a high tariff as the most effective commercial weapon. We had to learn about gas shells from the Germans, and from them we must learn, for our own protection, the principles of ruthlessness in commerce.

FROM BERLIN TO BAGDAD. By George A. Schreiner. New York: Harper & Brothers.

It is a rather rambling and disjointed—though quite sufficiently varied and exciting—account that Mr. Schreiner has written of his experiences in Turkey during the part of the war in which Turkey

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had most to be reckoned with. Mr. Schreiner had splendid opportunities for observation, and he had the enterprise and the nerve to make the most of them. He saw an Allied bombardment from the top of an old tower near Tchanek Kaleh, and he gives a really vivid—"graphic," perhaps, is the right word—account of the terrific bombardment on March 16, which he viewed from equally favorable and equally exposed positions. But, for the most part Mr. Schreiner's book is rather too much in the nature of a disquisition upon the art of being a war correspondent, and rather too little in the way of being a thoughtful digest of observations and impressions. The story of how the author met the Emden refugees on their journey through Turkey is, for example, mostly just adventure.

Mr. Schreiner had many interviews with important personages. All these notables—including Talaat Bey, Enver Pasha, and last (and also least) the Sultan, were immensely obliging, and seem to have enjoyed being interviewed by Mr. Schreiner. They give the reader the impression, however, of not having much to say, and of not being really in control of the situation at all. Perhaps Mr. Schreiner's sense of professional honor has restrained him from publishing some really significant things. If so, his restraint is no doubt commendable; and all that one can say, by way of criticism, is that Mr. Schreiner might well have used a little more care as to the language in which he reported the not very startling views which he was permitted to publish. "They will not be able to say," Mr. Schreiner makes Talaat Bey declare—"they will not be able to say that the Turks laid down." If Talaat really said this in English, his bad grammar must have interfered considerably with the impressiveness of his next remark, which was, "Let them beware," uttered through set teeth. Curiously enough, Enver Pasha made the same mistake. "We Turks have never laid down," he earnestly maintained.

There is a certain casualness about most of Mr. Schreiner's observations, a disposition in general toward a sort of off-hand and patronizing half approval of things Turkish—with the exception, of course, of massacres and such matters—and a rather pronounced tendency to talk about the faces and figures of the women in a harmless though rather unprofitable way.

His general observations in many cases are either unsupported by sufficient proof—as, for instance, his declaration that fear of Russian control rendered it necessary to make the attack upon Constantinople a strictly British affair—or else are but mildly informing, like his remark that there was no real love for Germans and Austrians in Constantinople, or his statement that the relations between the Turks and the Germans were far from frictionless.

Mr. Schreiner's favorite Turkish celebrity is Halideh Edib Hannym Effendi, "foremost feminist of Turkey, poetess, novelist, teacher, reformer, and manager of a private school for girls maintained largely at her own expense. Like Talaat and Enver, she had no shrinking from obviousness." Halideh said that education for all was urgently needed. But education would have to move on a different plane. It would have to be more practical, get away from never-ending recitals from the *Qua'raan*, and instruct the young in the duties of citizenship. That education was to include women, of course. "It has been

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said that the woman is the hope of Turkey today," said Halideh Hannym. "Maybe that is true. If it is true, then we have another reason why the Turkish woman must have a better education than she has had in the past, though, on the whole her education has not been so far behind that of the men as has been generally accepted. The fact is that the Turkish woman of the middle and better classes has had more time to read than men. Her seclusion brings her more in contact with the books and reviews. It also causes her to think more, and maybe think deeper, than do the men."

After which Halideh proceeded to "examine the position of the Turkish woman historically," betraying remarkable learning. How long will it be, one would like to know, before the educational leaven in which Halideh has so much faith, begins to operate upon the minds of those who arrange the Armenian massacres?

The best parts of Mr. Schreiner's book are those which describe the actual bombardment of the Dardanelles, together with certain passages that throw light upon the military situation behind the Turkish lines as it was during the British attack.

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OUR WAR WITH GERMANY

XIX

(*September* 1—*October* 7)

SUSTAINED, victorious battle marked every day of the eighteenth month of our war with Germany, and the possibility of peace, the natural result of victorious battle, signalized its close. A double offensive continued throughout the month. One was in arms, by the Allies under Marshal Foch. The other was in diplomacy, under the nominal leadership of Austrian statesmen, with their German colleagues in reserve.

Without interruption or cessation Marshal Foch's gigantic offensive was everywhere successful, until, at the close of the month, Bulgaria, overwhelmingly defeated, her armies scattered and her power of resistance destroyed, made unconditional surrender and went out of the war. At the same time Gen. Allenby, from Palestine, reported the destruction and capture of three Turkish armies and the termination of Turkish power there. And every day the whole Western front from the North Sea to Switzerland was aflame, and each night and morning brought fresh reports of advances and captures of towns and men and guns from the Germans.

The September "peace offensive" under the direction of Baron Burian, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, began early in the month with vague and unofficial statements to newspaper men, and continued on the 14th with an official invitation to the Allies to send delegates to an unbinding but secret conference for an exchange of terms. That having been refused, the "offensive" culminated on October 5 in a note proposing "by presentation to President Wilson to conclude immediately with him and his Allies a general armistice on land, on sea and in the air, and start, without delay, negotiations for peace. These negotiations will be based upon the fourteen points in President Wilson's message of January 8th, and the four points of his speech of February 12, 1918 (Feb. 11), and those equally of September 27, 1918."

This last was a reference to the speech with which Mr. Wilson opened the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, when he declared with great emphasis for the creation of a League of Nations which would guarantee the peace with Germany which that nation's word was not good enough to guarantee.

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The next day brought to the newspapers the text of a note from Prince Maximilian of Baden, the new German Chancellor, requesting President Wilson "to take in hand the restoration of peace, acquaint all the belligerent States of this request, and invite them to send plenipotentiaries for the purpose of opening negotiations." The Germans, as did the Austrians, accepted the President's programme "as a basis for peace negotiations."

At this writing there is no authoritative indication of what action this government will take on this new phase of the peace offensive. The official delivery of the requests has not yet occurred, and in any event the reply will be delayed until that formality is over.

The appearance of Prince Maximilian as German Chancellor in this attempt to secure peace followed a series of events obviously designed and carried out, with characteristically laborious German ostentation, to create the impression in the Allied world that there had been a liberalization of the German government, and that it had reformed itself, so that the obloquy of Kaiserism, Prussianism and militarism would no longer attach to it. With the development, under Allied pressure, of a new German "*drang nach osten*" on the Western front, those familiar phrases about "our good German right" and the "strong German peace" and the mighty "German sword" which were the daily accompaniment of the German spring offensive, were laid carefully away, and a new set, dressed in the clothing of "defensive warfare" were brought out. The Kaiser himself set the new fashion. In a message to the city of Dresden, on September 5, he gave the cue for the new line of talk with an unction that had not marked his speech for some months.

By curious coincidence Count von Hertling, the Chancellor, appeared that same day before the Constitution Committee of the Prussian Upper House to urge belated fulfillment of the Kaiser's more-than-a-year-old pledge for franchise reform. It was a solemn warning that the aged Chancellor delivered in that stronghold of Prussianism.

"My honest conviction," he said, "is that with this serious question the protection and preservation of the crown and the dynasty are at stake."

There was little resemblance in that ominous language to the natural effusions of Junkerdom which had resounded in that hall but a short time before. "I fully appreciate," continued Hertling, "the scruples regarding the introduction of general equal suffrage, but at the present time these scruples must give way to greater tasks, namely, the protection of the most precious treasures of our political life—the dynasty and the crown."

Also on that day reports came from Amsterdam of a violent conflict at Great Headquarters between the Crown Princes of Germany and Bavaria on one side and Field Marshal Hindenburg and General Ludendorff on the other. This was a neat device to relieve the Crown Princes of responsibility for the failures in arms on the Western front. The report was that they had opposed the July offensive, but that it had been ordered over their protests on the insistence of Hindenburg and Ludendorff. Whereupon both left the front, the German prince going to Berlin and the Bavarian to Munich. And in Berlin the

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German Crown Prince talked "defensive warfare" and declared that Germany did not wish to beat her enemies, but only to win the right to live herself. Also he supported the proposition which caused the fall of von Kuehlmann, that peace through military decision alone was not possible.

These events were followed by a remarkable speech from the Kaiser, delivered to the workmen and workwomen at the Krupp works at Essen, whom he addressed as "my dear friends." He couldn't resist a little of the old-time talk, for he told them that inspection of those works had always filled him "with the greatest admiration for German science and inventive energy." He told them, too, that he knew and understood the cares, sacrifices, hardships and losses they had endured, and which had "spared neither princely house nor modest workman's home." Then he added that what paternal suggestion could do to diminish the burden had been done, and said:

"Every one of you, in the remotest corner of the Fatherland, knows that I have left no stone unturned to shorten the war as far as possible for you and your people."

The next development was a singular one, for which no adequate preliminary had appeared. On September 21 reports by way of Amsterdam declared that a governmental crisis was approaching in Germany and that a majority of the Reichstag parties were firmly resolved to form a parliamentary government without delay, and independent of main headquarters. The Socialists were said to be ready to join the movement on condition of the abolition of certain paragraphs of the Constitution, the entry of two or three Social Democrats into the government, and the occupation of one important political post, presumably the Ministry of the Interior, by a Socialist.

Washington and other Entente capitals were skeptical of the genuineness of this move and inclined to regard it as an attempt to camouflage the real situation by an appearance of change which left the real power in the same old hands. Winston Churchill, the British Minister of Munitions, described it as "a government not of repentance, but of manœuvre."

On September 27 the resignation of Chancellor von Hertling, Foreign Secretary von Hintze and General Stein, the Prussian War Minister, was announced. This gave the Kaiser opportunity for a spectacular move. In accepting von Hertling's resignation he said:

"I desire that the German people shall co-operate more effectively than hitherto in deciding the fate of the fatherland. It is therefore my will that the men who have been borne up by the people's trust shall, in a wide extent, co-operate in the rights and duties of government."

Thus the stage was set for the appearance of the reformed government which should represent and speak for the German people, and thus fulfill one of the conditions of peace on which President Wilson had been most insistent. The reported practically complete failure of the ninth German war loan, no doubt, helped to point the way to this reform, but neither the Kaiser nor any other German official thought to mention that.

September 30 brought word that a meeting of the three majority parties of the Reichstag had been held, at which it had been agreed to

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form a parliamentary government with a responsible ministry. Article IX of the Constitution is to be abolished. It forbids a member of the Bundesrath to be also a member of the Reichstag, and in this reformed and liberalized and democratized new German government, members of the responsible ministry will be chosen from the Bundesrath, which is composed of delegates from the different German states and provinces, carefully hand-picked by their rulers.

Following the announcement of this great reform came the news of the selection of Prince Maximilian of Baden, described as a "regular human being," a most unusual qualification for a German, to be Chancellor in place of von Hertling. One of his first official acts was to send the note to President Wilson. At the same time he made a speech to the Reichstag in which he explained his programme. It included the "complete rehabilitation of Belgium, particularly of its independence and territorial integrity," with an effort to reach an understanding as to indemnity; representative bodies for the Baltic provinces of Russia, and the Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest treaties not to be a hindrance to a general peace. He modestly confessed responsibility for the formation of the new government, and expressed the view that despite the ease with which Constitutional obstacles had been overcome, the new procedure was not ephemeral. The method of amending the national Constitution by a secret conference of the leaders of the majority parties is one that might appeal to a democracy of the Bolshevist type, but it is not likely to be accepted in this country as insuring the establishment of genuine popular government.

The military offensive of the Allies found our line on the Western front, at the opening of the month, roughly about half way back from the "Farthest West" of the German spring offensive, to the Hindenburg line from which the enemy started on March 21. The month closes with the Allied troops in full possession of the Hindenburg line and more, with St. Quentin, Cambrai and Lens in our possession; with a substantial advance northward in Champagne, between Rheims and Verdun; with Bulgaria disastrously beaten and out of the war through unconditional surrender; and with the Turks overwhelmingly defeated in Palestine, two of their armies wholly wiped out by capture and dispersal, and a third practically destroyed.

These events and their effects seem to have been clearly foreseen by the Teutonic statesmen. On September 10 Amsterdam reported Baron Burian as advocating, in an address to visiting German newspaper men, an exchange of views between the Central Powers and the Entente, which need not take the form of peace negotiations, but might pave the way for such a result.

On the 14th, also by way of Amsterdam, came the news that Baron Burian had sent a formal invitation to all the belligerent nations to enter a secret, unbinding conference, at some neutral place, with a view to bringing about peace. Next day the official text of the note was received in news dispatches, accompanied by an explanatory statement which, after referring to the futile peace offer of the Central Powers in 1916, expressed the view that "the desire to reach an understanding and not to decide the war exclusively by force of arms is gradually beginning to penetrate the Allied States," and that "it is our duty to tread the toilsome and wearisome path of negotiation."

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The formal note, referring to the peace discussion that has continued, by occasional utterance of Allied statesmen, ever since the Teutonic offer of December, 1916, declared that "a certain agreement upon the relative general basic principles of a world peace manifests itself. It then made the statement that "the Central Powers leave it in no doubt that they are only waging a war of defense for the integrity and security of their territories." A "rapprochement of conceptions" regarding "the lines upon which the basis of peace shall be concluded" has developed, and President Wilson, especially in his speeches of February 12 (February 11) and July 4, has "formulated principles which have not encountered contradiction on the part of his Allies, and the far-reaching application of which is likely to meet with no objection on the part of the Powers of the Quadruple Alliance."

Baron Burian declared that no unprejudiced observer could doubt that the desire for a peace by understanding had grown enormously in all the belligerent states, without exception, and that continuance of the bloody struggle would only lay Europe in ruins without guaranteeing peace by decision of arms. He argued that the publicity of the discussions which have taken place "robbed them of the possibility of fruitful progress" and that such procedure "causes the responsible statesmen to strike a higher tone and stubbornly to adhere to extreme standpoints." Consequently he proposed a confidential and unbinding conference which need not interrupt military operations.

That same day London reported Germany as making an offer to Belgium, proposing that Belgium remain neutral for the remainder of the war; that thereafter the entire economic and political independence of Belgium be reconstituted with the pre-war commercial treaties between Germany and Belgium indefinitely reinstated; that Belgium use her good offices to secure the restoration of the German colonies and do not penalize the Flemish minority who aided the German invaders. There was no word of admission of Germany's wrongs to Belgium or of reparation for them. Plucky Belgium scouted the offer.

The Austro-Hungarian proposal met with immediate and flat rejection in this country and among our Allies. The official text was delivered to Mr. Lansing at the State Department in Washington, by Mr. Ekengren, the Swedish Minister, at 6:20 P. M. on September 16. President Wilson had prepared his reply on the newspaper text, that had been available all day. As soon as the official note had been compared with the newspaper text and no discrepancies revealed, the President's reply was made public. That was at 6:45, less than half an hour after the invitation was formally received.

Mr. Wilson's answer was the definite and emphatic refusal for which the whole country was prepared. "The Government of the United States," it said, "feels that there is only one reply which it can make to the suggestion of the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Government. It has repeatedly, and with entire candor, stated the terms upon which the United States would consider peace, and can and will entertain no proposal for a conference upon a matter concerning which it has made its position and purpose so plain."

That same day Mr. Balfour, the British Foreign Secretary, said: "I cannot honestly see the slightest hope in these proposals that the

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goal we all desire—a peace which shall be more than a truce—can really be attained." He compared them with the latest German offers, and referred especially to the questions of Germany's colonies, Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine and the Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest treaties to show how oppugnant they were, and how futile it would be to attempt by conversations to reach agreement about them.

M. Clemenceau, the French Premier, said: "We shall fight until the enemy comes to understand that bargaining between crime and right is no longer possible."

President Wilson's instant rejection of the Austrian note was acclaimed everywhere in the United States with lively satisfaction. No such solidarity of American opinion had been attained at any previous stage of the war. Only one responsible voice suggested acceptance of the invitation. That was the New York *Times*, which spoke before the President did, and which immediately fell in line after his action.

On September 17 Mr. Lansing sent to the Swedish Minister the formal note declining the Austrian invitation for a conference and the State Department considered the incident closed. But it was prepared for a renewal of the effort. The Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* pointed out that Austria "might attempt a coup by assenting to a restriction of the proposed discussion to the principles laid down by President Wilson as the only possible basis of peace." The dispatch went on to report that "it was said authoritatively today that such a proposition undoubtedly would be accepted. But this statement was accompanied by a significant reminder of conditions which must be met preliminary to any such discussion. These are that the Central Powers must withdraw completely from all the occupied territory in France, Belgium, Italy and Serbia; must drop the subterfuge of the Brest-Litovsk treaty made with hired agents of Germany, and loosen their hold on the Ukraine and on the oil wells of Serbia and Roumania. All this must be done before America will consent to talk of peace, even upon the basis of the President's stipulations."

This dispatch obviously anticipated the situation which has arisen through the receipt of the Teutonic proposals that come just as this is written. They now profess to accept President Wilson's conditions as the basis for discussion. Some explanation of this apparent surrender may be found in reports of peace demonstrations at Essen, Cologne and other German cities, some of which were riotous, and in accounts of the increasingly serious internal condition of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. And the surrender of Bulgaria was a shattering blow to Teutonic hopes. Also the failure of the German loan and the huge losses of men, guns and material on the Western front are powerful and cogent reasons.

Between his prompt rejection of the first Burian proposal and the offer of the second one, President Wilson delivered, on September 27, the most vigorous and incisive speech he has made on the subject of the termination of the war. It may very well have influenced the subsequent action of the Central Powers. The President began this address by saying that he should endeavor "to make clear once more what the war really means." Then he went on to say:

"It has positive and well defined purposes which we did not deter-

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mine and which we cannot alter. . . . No statesman or assembly created them; no statesman or assembly can alter them. . . . They were perhaps not clear at the outset; they are clear now. . . . Individual statesmen may have started the conflict, but neither they nor their opponents can stop it as they please."

We came into the war, the President said, "when its character had become fully defined. . . . We accepted the issues of the war as facts . . . and we can accept no outcome which does not squarely meet and settle them. Those issues are these:

"Shall the military power of any nation or group of nations be suffered to determine the fortunes of peoples over whom they have no right to rule except the right of force?

"Shall strong nations be free to wrong weak nations and make them subject to their purpose and interest?

"Shall peoples be ruled and dominated, even in their own internal affairs, by arbitrary and irresponsible force or by their own will and choice?

"Shall there be a common standard of right and privilege for all peoples and nations, or shall the strong do as they will and the weak suffer without redress?

"Shall the assertion of right be haphazard and by casual alliance, or shall there be a common concert to oblige the observance of common rights?"

"No man, no group of men," continued the President, "chose these to be the issues of the struggle. They *are* the issues of it; and they must be settled—by no arrangement or compromise or adjustment of interests, but definitely and once for all, and with a full and unequivocal acceptance of the principle that the interest of the weakest is as sacred as the interest of the strongest.

"We are all agreed that there can be no peace obtained by any kind of bargain or compromise with the Governments of the Central Empires, because we have dealt with them already and have seen them deal with other Governments that were parties to this struggle, at Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest. They have convinced us that they are without honor and do not intend justice. They observe no covenants, accept no principle but force and their own interest. We cannot 'come to terms' with them. They have made it impossible. The German people must by this time be fully aware that we cannot accept the word of those who forced this war upon us. We do not think the same thoughts or speak the same language of agreement.

"It is of capital importance that we should also be explicitly agreed that no peace shall be obtained by any kind of compromise or abatement of the principles we have avowed as the principles for which we are fighting. There should exist no doubt about that. . . ."

Secure and lasting peace, said the President, is to be obtained at the price of impartial justice in every item of the settlement and through the indispensable instrumentality of a League of Nations "formed under covenants that will be efficacious.

"Without such an instrumentality by which the peace of the world can be guaranteed, peace will rest in part upon the word of outlaws. . . . For Germany will have to redeem her character not by what happens at the peace table, but by what follows."

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The League of Nations, Mr. Wilson argued, cannot be formed before the peace conference, because "it would be merely a new alliance confined to the nations associated against a common enemy." Nor could it be formed after the settlement. Because "it is necessary to guarantee the peace, and the peace could not be guaranteed as an after thought."

The reason the peace must be guaranteed, said Mr. Wilson, "is that there will be parties to the peace whose promises have proved untrustworthy, and means must be found in connection with the peace settlement itself to remove that source of insecurity. It would be folly to leave the guarantee to the subsequent voluntary action of the Governments we have seen destroy Russia and deceive Roumania."

Thereupon the President restated the principles upon which peace may be based, as follows:

"First, the impartial justice meted out must involve no discrimination between those to whom we wish to be just and those to whom we do not wish to be just. It must be a justice that plays no favorites and knows no standard but the equal rights of the several peoples concerned;

"Second, no special or separate interest of any single nation or group of nations can be made the basis of any part of the settlement which is not consistent with the common interest of all;

"Third, there can be no leagues or alliances of special covenants and understandings within the general and common family of the League of Nations;

"Fourth, and more specifically, there can be no special, selfish economic combinations within the league, and no employment of any form of economic boycott or exclusion except as the power of economic penalty by exclusion from the markets of the world may be vested in the League of Nations itself as a means of discipline and control;

"Fifth, all international agreements and treaties of every kind must be made known in their entirety to the rest of the world."

Those conditions the Central Powers in their latest proposal for peace, accept "as a basis for negotiation." Also they accept the fourteen conditions laid down by Mr. Wilson in his speech of January 8, last, which were: 1, open diplomacy; 2, freedom of navigation, in peace and in war; 3, removal of international economic barriers; 4, reduction of national armaments; 5, absolutely impartial adjustment of all colonial claims, the interests of the populations concerned having equal weight with Governmental claims; 6, evacuation of all Russian territory and such settlement of all questions affecting Russia as will give her unembarrassed opportunity for independent determination of her political development and national policy; 7, Belgium evacuated and restored; 8, Alsace-Lorraine restored to France; 9, Italian frontiers readjusted; 10, the peoples of Austro-Hungary accorded the freest opportunity for autonomous development (since then the Czecho-Slovak nation has been formally recognized by the United States, Great Britain, Italy and France); 11, Roumania, Serbia and Montenegro evacuated; occupied territories to be restored; Serbia to have access to the sea and the political and economic indepen-

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dence and territorial integrity of the Balkan States to be guaranteed internationally; 12, Turkey to be assured sovereignty of Turkish portions of the Ottoman Empire, but other nationalities now under Turkish rule to have unmolested opportunity for autonomous development; the Dardanelles to be free for all nations under international guarantee; 13, an independent Polish state; 14, an international League for Peace.

On September 28 Bulgaria asked the Allies for a 48-hour armistice with a view to making peace. The United States not having declared war against Bulgaria was not directly concerned in this question. London and Paris submitted conditions which Bulgaria accepted, and on the 30th the armistice was signed, Bulgaria having made an unconditional surrender. She agrees to evacuate all territory she occupies in Greece and Serbia, to demobilize her army immediately and to surrender all transport to the Allies. She will surrender her boats and control of navigation on the Danube and concede to the Allies free passage through Bulgaria for military operations. All arms and munitions to be stored under control of the Allies, who are to have the right to occupy all strategic positions. Questions of territorial rearrangement in the Balkans were purposely omitted. British, French and Italian forces will effect the military occupation of Bulgaria, and Serbian and Greek troops of the occupied portions of Serbia and Greece.

It is not necessary to attempt here to detail the Allied military movements of the month which led to and brought about the "peace offensive" of the Central Powers. One day was very much like another. All were days of hard fighting and brilliant success. On September 3, as the month opened, the British at the Northern end of the Western front, broke through on the Drocourt-Queant line, along the Arras-Cambrai road, took 10,000 prisoners and fourteen villages. Thereafter almost every day brought word of similar success, sometimes by the French, now by the Americans and again by the British. On the 5th Marshal Foch, telegraphing to the Paris municipality in reply to its congratulations said: "The German rush which menaced Paris and Amiens has been broken. We shall continue to pursue the enemy implacably."

At the same time Hindenburg and Ludendorff were trying to inspirit their people by cheerful interviews. Hindenburg called attention to the fact that the British had not shaken the resistance of the Turks in Palestine and that "the decisive battle for the Central Powers is taking place on the Western front. We may look serenely to the future." Ludendorff was thankful that the war had been "concentrated on French territory and, in the forms it has assumed, has been spared us in our home territory."

Yet at that time numerous evidences in possession of the Allies, the examination of thousands of prisoners; the wide variation of ages of men in the same units, and the reduced size of companies, all showed that the German army was at last really beginning to decline.

By September 10 the British north of St. Quentin and the French south of it were very close to the Hindenburg line. North of Cambrai the British were across it.

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On September 12, the day before Gen. Pershing's birthday, the First American Army, under the personal command of the General, carried out the first independent American operation with triumphant success. It was an assault upon the famous St. Mihiel salient, southeast of Verdun, which had been in existence more than four years. Pershing used the pincers tactics, attacking from both sides of the salient at once. In 36 hours the salient had been wiped out completely, with the capture of 13,300 prisoners and 210 guns, in addition to vast quantities of military material and ammunition. Some French units which assisted Pershing's troops, occupied the village of St. Mihiel. The operation was watched by Mr. Baker, Secretary of War, who had arrived in France just in time to see the First Army's first fight.

Simultaneously with the news of this success came word that Poles in Siberia had organized an army of 100,000 men to coöperate with the Czecho-Slovaks.

The Americans were just beginning to clear out their recovered territory thoroughly when the French, British and Serbian forces in Macedonia struck the Bulgars savagely and with huge success. Every day for a week the Bulgars were driven back, and then their armies were cut in two and their retreat became a disaster. They had lost thousands of prisoners, and many guns, and their power of effective opposition was destroyed. Germans who had been sent belatedly to their aid were beaten also and put to flight. Each day brought additional news of Bulgarian disaster until it culminated in the request for an armistice and then unconditional surrender.

Meantime French, British, Americans and even Belgians were hammering the Germans back all along the Western front. Almost every day brought word of the capture of from 5,000 to 10,000 prisoners and the toll of cannon and machine guns grew to amazing figures. On the day of the Bulgarian collapse Field Marshal Haig took some of the defenses of Cambrai with 6,000 prisoners, and the French gained five miles, recovered a dozen villages and took 10,000 prisoners. Next day the Belgians, in their own territory, on the extreme left of the Allied line struck the Germans with revengeful energy and drove them back three miles, capturing towns, men and guns.

While all this was going on Gen. Allenby, in Palestine, was shaking Turkish resistance. On September 23rd came word that Allenby had wiped out an entire Turkish army, taking 18,000 prisoners in a 60-mile drive, with 120 guns and vast transport. The next day's reports showed that Gen. Allenby had only started. He had two Turkish armies in his trap and captured or utterly destroyed them. Before the end of the month he had taken 79,000 prisoners and 350 guns and had completely crushed Turkish power there.

As this is written Turkey is reported to be seeking a separate peace, following the example of the Bulgars. The French are in St. Quentin and beyond it; the British almost in Cambrai, and the Germans have evacuated Lens, after destroying the coal mines as well as the city, and are preparing to evacuate Lille. Throughout the month, as the Germans have been driven from town after town, they have practiced the most careful and deliberate destruction. They have literally laid waste every place they possibly could destroy, and

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there has grown up among the Allies, especially the French, a demand for reprisals that shall hold the perpetrators of such outrages personally responsible, to be tried and punished when the rapidly approaching final victory shall bring them under the power of retributory justice.

As the eighteenth month closes Gen. Allenby reports the capture of Damascus, practically completing his operations in Palestine and effectually destroying the German dreams for the Near East. The Germans are reported to have begun a wide retreat along the northern part of the western front. And Paris announces that since July 18, when Marshal Foch's great offensive began, the Allied forces in France and Belgium have taken 5,518 officers and 248,949 men prisoners with 3,069 cannons and more than 23,000 machine guns, together with vast stores of munitions and other material.

During the month it was announced officially at Washington that airplane construction was approaching quantity production and that approximately 20 de Havilands were reaching the army in France per day.

The House passed on September 23 by unanimous vote the new revenue bill planned to raise more than $8,000,000,000 per annum. This, at the present writing, is still under consideration in the Senate.

The labor situation having become critical at several points, especially through a strike of munition workers at Bridgeport, where the men refused to accept the award of the War Labor Board, President Wilson wrote them on September 13 that the Government would take over and operate the plants of employers who declined to abide by such decisions and that "striking employes who ignored or temporized with these decisions must return to work or be barred from employment in any war industry in the community in which the strike occurs for a period of one year, and face rejection of any claim for exemption from the draft law based on usefulness in war production." At the same time the President announced the taking over of the Smith & Wesson revolver plant, because of refusal to accept an award of the War Labor Board.

Registration under the amendment to the selective service law extending the draft to all men between the ages of 18 and 45 occurred on September 12th. Throughout the country the registration proceeded quietly and rapidly, and in all about 14,000,000 men from 18 to 21 and from 32 to 45 were enrolled. These, with the more than 10,000,000 between the ages of 21 and 31 registered under prior laws, make a body of about 24,000,000 men from whom the American Army, Navy and Marine Corps are to be recruited.

On September 17th the Acting Secretary of War submitted estimates to Congress calling for additional appropriations of $7,397,727,612 for the current fiscal year for army purposes; this included $1,000,000,000 for "contingencies, military information section," $178,758,000 for air service, $1,277,854,000 for transportation of the army and its supplies, $1,985,075,000 for fortification armament, $477,493,000 for ammunition and $534,414,000 for ordnance stores, including automatic rifles and armored motor cars. The estimates also include $500,000,000 for contract authorizations for fortification armament.

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The next day General March, Chief of Staff, appeared before the House Committee on Appropriations in support of the new estimates. He said it was proposed to call 2,700,000 men under the new draft and to have an army of 4,800,000 fighting men. There are now in service 3,200,000 men, of whom more than 1,800,000 have been sent overseas. It will be necessary to have 1,600,000 fighting men from the new draft. Provost Marshal General Crowder, in charge of the draft, told the committee that 1,350,000 of the men needed could be found in the 19 to 20 and 32 to 36 classes, and the remaining 1,350,000 could be had without going very deeply into the remaining classes.

On September 21st the Shipping Board made public figures showing that from August 1914 to September 1918 the total Allied and neutral shipping losses, including submarine destruction and marine disasters, were *21,404,913* dead weight tons. The average submarine sinkings for that period were about 445,000 tons per month. This average has been materially cut down during the last six months and the new construction is now somewhat in excess of the monthly losses.

On September 3rd Secretary Lansing announced that the United States Government recognized the Czecho-Slovak National Council as a de facto belligerent Government, clothed with proper authority to direct the military and political affairs of the Czecho-Slovaks. France, Great Britain and Italy had previously given this recognition. The next day General William S. Graves, Commander of the American contingent in Siberia, arrived in Vladivostok with his Staff and 1900 men. At the same time American troops reached Archangel and joined the Allied Expeditionary forces in North-European Russia.

(*This record is as of October 7 and is to be continued*)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

VICTORY MUST BE ABSOLUTE

SIR,—THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW gives neither quarter nor comfort to the pacifist. It has use neither for the man of half measures nor for the wabbling partisan. Its editor is refreshingly militant in spirit, from the core out, a patriot. His editorials are like the discharge of well-directed machine guns. His head is in the sunlight. His vision is unobscured by paltry partisan interests. It were a consummation devoutly to be wished if his convictions might enter as a guiding inspiration into the entire national thought.

With no desire even to suggest an adverse judgment toward those in supreme authority in Washington,—on the other hand, I devoutly hope and pray that they may be guided by highest wisdom, by loftiest patriotism, and that they may be heroically enduring to the end,—yet I am profoundly impressed that no more timely words have been published than those uttered in the September editorial: "Take Heed, Washington!"

How immeasurably disastrous it might be, both to the nation and to world-civilization, if our chief authorities should be governed by convictions and policies less discerning, less foreseeing, less firmly patriotic, than those set forth in this editorial! The whole world is racked in the supreme cataclysm of history. The God-given rights and liberties of mankind are under menace of destruction by the most mighty and ruthlessly murderous foe that ever armed itself against civilization. The very underlying philosophy of Prussianism is inhuman. It is the philosophy of the jungle reinforced by all the inventiveness of science. It is a philosophy which absolutely admits of no compromise. Its two extremes, between which there are no halting places, are: either absolute victory and world-sovereignty upon the one hand; or, upon the other hand, for itself most paralyzing and absolute defeat. Between these two extremes are now suspended the fate of justice, of liberty, of democracy—of humanity. Allied democracy must either weakly submit to sign the compact of its own humiliating and disgraceful vassalage; or, at whatever cost of treasure, of hardship, or of blood, to unitedly fight and smite on until this atrocious assassin of mankind is totally disarmed and laid hopeless in the dust.

We are already embarked upon an altogether unprecedented and enormous scale of expenditure. This in itself, in all sanity, ought to

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mean nothing less than the most prompt securement and placing afield of numerically the largest available army of American soldiers. To build ships, airplanes, cantonments, and great military depots, without at the same time sending to the battle-front the mightiest of armies, would be to indulge in administrative trifling in the presence of a world-conflagration. The biggest and best furnished fighting army is now the one way of safe and sane economy, and of most effective expediting of the war to its only righteous conclusion. Both bigness and clarity of vision are supremely required of our Washington authorities. The interests of a world-wide humanity demand nothing less than the uncompromising enforcement of Senator Lodge's call for a "dictated peace."

No more subtle peril confronts the world than inheres in German peace propaganda. The Prussian is as cowardly when seeking his personal safety as he is brutal and frightful in inflicting injury when he has the upper hand. When he discovers, as he is sure to do, that his heartless schemes of conquest are thwarted, that his militant hopes are doomed to defeat, then must the world beware of his plausible and perfidious propositions for peace. The nations will have no excuse for being deceived by the plausibilities of any German-proposed peace terms. The Prussian has clearly demonstrated two qualities about himself: first, that when power is with him, he is an arrant bully and a ruthless ruffian; second, that when he is smitten with defeat, he is a craven and a coward, a shameless beggar for his own life and safety. The world is more in peril to-day from Prussian chicanery than from the Prussian sword. When Germany finds that she cannot succeed in arms, then with all the skill of the world's present past-master in Machiavellian arts, she will transform herself, however garbed, into a very sorceress for beguiling the world with the allurements of a false peace. The nation that can be deceived thereby is not wise.

It is not un-Christian to say that Germany merits merciless and incessant hammering until she is utterly beaten down. She is an impenitent sinner. She brings forth no honest fruits meet for repentance. Until she does this, neither God nor man can forgive her. She stands justly arraigned at the bar of civilization as the supreme criminal of history. She has paraded her infamous and immeasurable depravity by enacting upon the largest scale all the notorious arts of deception, of cruelty, of incendiarism, of rape and of murder. She has turned the world of trade into a chaos. She has desolated the fairest of lands. The winds of the world are laden with the wails of widows and of orphans, made such by her cruelties. In pursuit of her murderous ambitions she has mangled, crippled, and made blind the virile young manhood of a whole generation. The present Germany merits no consideration from civilization. I do not say that she should be utterly destroyed. But her intolerable arrogance, her wicked duplicity, her insane obsession of superiority over all the rest of mankind, her inhumanity to man, her brutal and frightful policies of dominion, her beastly and conceited stupidity—these all ought to be relentlessly scourged out of her.

Her wanton, barbarous, and still menacing wickedness has already cost civilization too much to permit any halfway or compromising measures in the final settlement of this war. Germany unwhipped is as dan-

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gerous to civilization as would be a mad dog let loose upon a picnic ground. With her present ideals, and her present moods, she deserves all the restraints of prison bars. As a matter of manifest destiny, she is to be defeated in arms. The victory in blood and treasure is immeasurably and unprecedentedly costly. For the allied rulers to allow the German nation, now morally beaten in arms, to gain for itself a final advantage by the plausible methods of her infamous diplomacy would be nothing less than an ignominious and criminal betrayal of the most sacred interests of civilization.

HARRISBURG, PA. GEORGE P. MAINS.

TERMS FOR GERMANY

SIR,—There continues to be a great deal of discussion as to how Germany should be dealt with, when she has been, as she surely will be, thoroughly beaten.

The prevailing opinion in the countries fighting her, and it has been widely expressed, seems to favor a commercial boycott, resolutions to that effect having been adopted by many influential bodies, and urged in the press.

The fact seems to have been lost sight of that while the adoption of such a measure would doubtless cripple Germany, it would also react upon the countries enforcing it, and lessen the volume of their own trade, the natural laws of which cannot be thwarted without injury to all concerned.

Is there not a better way? Responsible as Germany is for the war, and wicked, lawless and cruel as have been her methods of conducting it, we should put aside any thought of descending to her level by vindictive and revengeful action, and consider only what strict justice demands, and what, giving the fullest effect to that, will interfere least with the full resumption of the operation of the laws of trade and commerce, which is, on every account, and for all peoples, most desirable.

Germany, to meet the demands of justice, should be made to suffer the full penalty of the laws of war, of nations, and of humanity, which she has violated. There should be assessed by an impartial tribunal the actual damages for which under these laws she must be held responsible: every ship sunk or burnt, every building needlessly destroyed, every section of country wantonly ravaged, every payment and all labor wrongfully exacted, every injury inflicted in contravention of existing treaties, every life lawlessly taken, and every ascertainable act of cruelty, should be included; to these should be added the milliards of which she robbed France after the Franco-Prussian war, which she purposely brought on; and every foot of territory which she took possession of then, or has occupied since, must of course be at once surrendered.

The commission should apportion the amount to be received among the sufferers; and to secure its payment, the Allied Powers should jointly take possession of all German custom houses and railroads, and of the potash mines, and retain them until the last penny called for has been paid, if it takes fifty years. Germany's entire war debt should be invalidated.

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Germany was the wanton aggressor for purposes of conquest in both wars, and in addition to the intentional devastation she has wrought she has compelled the payment of immense sums from both France and Belgium, with no justification but that of the highwayman. What, under such circumstances, must she expect for herself when she stands at the bar of mankind, a convicted and helpless criminal?

Should it be found necessary in order to secure complete and prompter reparation, there could be justly added a large lump sum payable at once, and additional yearly amounts to be raised by taxation. First, having taken possession of whatever may be left of her navy, this can be provided by inhibiting all naval construction and strictly limiting her military force to the requirements of domestic police purposes, until her war indebtedness is fully discharged. Anything less than this will not meet the demands of justice, and nothing will so surely prevent wars of conquest in all the years to come.

Under such a settlement, trade will at once begin to flow again in its natural channels, and prosperity will return to those countries, Germany included, in the degree to which they are industrious and enterprising, and conform their activities to the immutable laws of commerce.

While the commercial boycott would certainly bring retribution to Germany, it would be simply vindictive punishment, not apportioned as justice demands with reference to her violations of law, treaties, and duty to humanity, and it would so cripple her as to make adequate reparation impossible.

The method here proposed, on the other hand, would, while inflicting just retributive penalties upon Germany, provide what should be a governing consideration in any settlement: reparation for the wrongs and crimes she has been guilty of.

ESSEX, N. Y. ARCHIBALD HOPKINS.

WE CATER TO IMPS OF HELL

SIR,—You probably enjoy hearing occasionally from your distant readers. For twenty years I have read your REVIEW, many times with much pleasure and satisfaction. However, of the current September number I must say that I am woefully disappointed. Disappointed at every turn in the road. Your vicious strictures on the war administration are wholly uncalled for, and quite contrary to the real facts. Your bad ball-out is a boomerang that ought to demolish what little dollar patriotism you possess. You certainly would not claim any other kind. True to your class, you shovel the blame for not having the war won and the net cash already in our pockets off on the Administration, instead of jamming it down on the jackal pirates of finance and commerce who infest every shop where war work is being done. True to your chums, you pass these hyenas by on the other side. You put no blame where it rightfully belongs. You eternally hoot "socialism" at the Administration, expecting your hearers to hand you a bouquet for your clumsy cunningness. In every line you betray your hypocrisy in trying to make your readers believe that socialism, as being brought about the world over, is a very dangerous thing. You cunningly avoid confessing that Germany's efficiency is due to her taking over, or socializing, all her public utilities.

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You keep in the dark the fact that we were compelled to socialize many of our public utilities to avoid [*sic*] your noble class of pilferers from holding up and defeating the nation in the present crisis. You publish the most abominable falsities about the Soviet government of Russia, showing that you cater to the imps of hell for your hypocritical buncombe. You foxily forget to mention that the awful plight in which Russia finds herself to-day is the true legacy of commercial capitalism. You rant about a straw man you label "socialism," but are silent as the grave about the horrors that capitalism has thrust on the European nations in their fight for commercial supremacy, and fail to point out that, win or lose the war as may be, the same infernal capitalistic conditions stare the world in the face with all their hideousness, admitting, as you do, that on the morrow after peace they may again wrangle like Kilkenny cats over the commercial bones. You prove that your hatred of Germany is all because she was outgrabbing the rest of the world in the way of commerce, and had to be destroyed, or the other capitalistic nations would be forced to take the bankruptcy act. So round and round you go with your commercial hydra-headed juggernaut, crushing one nation and then another in its ghastly dance of death. But to hide your imperial tyranny, you throw dust in the eyes of the people as you plunge madly and insanely after your bogy man you christen "socialism." If Russia was just as bad as your lying diatribe attempts to picture her, then she is only a haven compared to the frightfulness your commercial monster, capitalism, is now thrusting on the world in the annihilation of more than ten million of the flower of the world's young men, mutilating thirty million more, filling the world with hatred and bankruptcy. Again you urge preparation for the commercial war that must necessarily follow in the wake of this world-wide holocaust if capitalism, the dream of your morbid mind, is to survive. Not one morsel do you offer for the poor boys who have taken their lives in their hands and gone forth to battlefield to spill their blood that capitalism may survive and the unearned dollars still rattle into the bloated, ill-gotten coffers of commercial pirates. Those boys you, in your capitalistic ghost dance, regard as so many chess on the board with which to win the dollars produced in the sweat and toil of the working class. You forget that capitalism is dead in Russia, and that the ghouls of the human race are reaping the harvest they had sown in the many years of the reign of your friend the Tsar of all the Russias. It is only the class you and your kind have so foully betrayed, turning and rending the parasites that refuse to get off their backs until bumped off at the end of a rope.

CENTRALIA, WASH. A READER.

PESSIMISM

SIR,—Not for a long, long time have I read anything that stirred my heart like the writing of Harrison Rhodes in the August NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW on "The Country My Father Told Me Of." It is beautiful in its diction, appealing in its sentiment, and, oh! so immeasurably pathetic in its effort to be optimistic.

I wish I could work up even as much optimism as Mr. Rhodes has, questioning as it is, when he asks: "And can we recapture for our war and our reconstruction something of the fervor of our fathers—something

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of their high idealism?" The only answer I can see is, "Nevermore."

I lived through the Civil War. A dear brother fought all through, and came home with ruined health. Ten years after the war he declared, "Had I foreseen the use that was to be made of our victory I would never have lifted a finger to win the war."

I remember well the talk of "Liberty" and all the enthusiasm that went with it, and sometimes now it seems as if I were living those old days over again—so like are the things that are now being said and done.

There is any amount of hurrah and generalizing for "democracy," but when I look for deeds, or even for words that point thereto with any definiteness, I do not find them.

At the close of the Civil War I saw the quick rise of American plutocracy, which without the war would have taken at least a century, and might never have come. I saw the destruction of the "unsnobbish country," which Mr. Rhodes so lovingly tells us about, and the installation of shoddy and snobs.

If the stage is not now set for a world-wide plutocracy backed by a world-wide military establishment, let me be set down as one who cannot discern the signs of the times.

When the war is over, the men who have done the fighting, such of them as are left alive, will have to work to pay its debts. And there will be nowhere for them to go for escape. "A League of Nations" will attend to that.

Oh, Mr. Rhodes: If you want to keep your beautiful dream, die now, before the end of the war!

DENVER, COLO. CELIA BALDWIN WHITEHEAD.

SHOULD WOMEN BE FIT TO VOTE?

SIR,—Believing you to be one of the few independent thinkers of the country and knowing the power you wield through your pen, I want to call to your attention what seems a mistake to me in the present woman's suffrage propaganda, namely, the idea that it should be universal without any qualification of any kind. I do this so that you may bring the point favorably and forcefully to public notice before it is too late, if it appeals to you.

Even the heathen Chinee recognized the fact that a person without intelligence was not fit to cast a ballot in their republic. One of the few mistakes of the founders of our republic was to grant men universal suffrage without making the individual prove his fitness for the privilege. The result is that to-day voting is done by men so ignorant that they know nothing about the questions they are casting their ballots to decide.

The point that I am advancing is that there should be some mental qualification and a slight property one (the payment of some tax or otherwise) to allow a man or woman to vote. We cannot hope to get the ignorant men to vote away the suffrage which they have, but in giving it to women, intelligence could be made a condition, and the women themselves should be willing and ready to further that condition. When the number of women having voting power under that condition should become large enough so that they, combined with the intelligent voters among the men, exceed the ignorant voters, then the same quality—intelli-

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gence—may be made a condition of all voting and the ignorant male voter in that way eliminated.

Woman's suffrage (which seems to be coming) thus qualified would become a help to the country. Without qualification, it will be no help at all. This proposition, properly put by a facile and strong writer, should appeal to the suffragists themselves, it seems to me. I see no other way to raise the standard of voters in this country.

CHICAGO, ILL. ARTHUR T. GALT.

TEACH IT IN THE SCHOOLS

SIR,—You must have a great deal of trouble in the States over the education of the present generation of German-American children. You will also have to face the question of the Germanizing of the next generation that will be carried out by parents.

The remedy is simple. Prepare textbooks, for use in all classes in all schools, giving a fair and true account of the war and its authors, the manner in which it has been fought and the policy of the Huns generally. Let every little child, every boy and girl, every young man and woman, be examined in these textbooks every term throughout their educational life. Even if they do not fully realize the sin and the folly of the crimes of the Kaiser and his satellites, the truth must sink in, and whether they think it a sin or a folly or both will depend upon their moral characters.

I am not so sure that the only way to avoid another war in some years' time is for the Allies to make it one of the conditions of peace that the truth be instilled into the coming generations of young Huns in Germany by similar means.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND. J. MARJORIBANKS STEELE.

URGENT

SIR,—I have received no copies of either the WAR WEEKLY or the REVIEW for some time. If my subscription has expired, kindly renew it immediately, drawing on me for one or two years in advance, as you prefer. Anything so that you reinstate me at once. Regards and success to you.

KANSAS CITY, MO. JOHN F. KENDIG.

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1918

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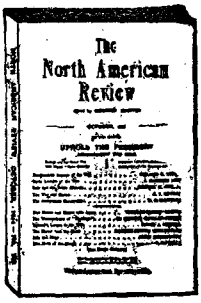

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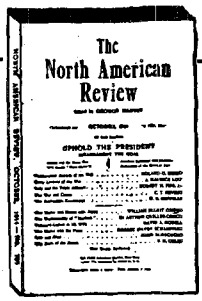

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are trained observers and writers, and both have had exceptional opportunities for access to first-hand material relating to the resurrection of the Czecho-Slovak nation.

(*Continued on second page following*)

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THE ROMANCE OF VARNISH SEVENTH ARTICLE

I am writing of the expansion of the varnish business from the East to the West.

It naturally followed, although a little slowly, the Western development of the country's manufactures. Philadelphia at that time was our most important manufacturing city. It was then, as now, a large consumer of varnish which was partially, yet only partially, supplied by local manufacturers, some of whom, notably Schrack and Company, stood very high. The Forest City Varnish Company was active in Cleveland, and The Queen City in Cincinnati. In Dayton the Thresher Varnish Company was highly esteemed, and in Detroit and Chicago Berry Brothers and the Chicago Varnish Company were beginning their successful careers. F. H. Glidden was then the chief salesman for Tilden and Nephew and had not yet established the business in Cleveland which later became so well known. I saw Mr. Glidden a short time ago in the Waldorf, hale and hearty and carrying lightly his eighty odd years. He had with him, quite unimpaired, that gracious smile that makes every man his friend.

The concerns I have named were important, and there were others who have since grown to be important. There were many who were small—in capital, in plant and in volume of business. Some have disappeared and some are still alive, but the day when a man thought he was a fully equipped varnish maker, if he knew how to melt gum, has passed. The facilities needed to do the business properly and their necessary investment are recognized. To-day there are a dozen concerns with a capital of over a Million and some with a capital of several Millions. The business has taken off its swaddling clothes and laid them carefully away. But we occasionally hear echoes of the old belief that the varnish business is all profit and one's fortune is assured if he can only get a good start in it.

Charles D. Ettinger was my very dear friend and my honored business associate for more than forty years. Kindly, loyal, inflexible in his honesty, unfailing in the discharge of every responsibility, he had a humor that was rare and a fund of stories that made him always welcome among his large circle of friends. I remember very well when he came with us and I knew that at the time he was considering another proposal in another line of business. I asked him one day why he chose the varnish business. He replied, "I was told by a friend of experience there was money in anything that came out of a spigot."

As I write I am reminded of a story of Mr. Mander, an old-time New York varnish maker, who had a brother who made the sales. Upon being criticized for his low prices, Mr. Mander replied, "My brother makes the prices, but I make the varnish."

But that is a long time ago, and these are stories of a former day.

FRANKLIN MURPHY.

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G. P. GARRETT

received the degree of LL.B from the University of Florida in 1913. He is a member of the bar of the United States Supreme Court and also of the American Society of International Law. Numerous contributions of his on legal subjects have appeared in technical journals.

WILLIAM MCCLELLAN,

Dean of the Wharton School, University of Pennsylvania, is an engineer by profession. He acted at one time as Consulting Engineer to the Public Service Commission of New York. He has recently served as Director of the Intercollegiate Intelligence Bureau at Washington.

F. V. KEYS,

sometime Associate Professor of English at Vassar College, is a native of Toronto, Canada. She attended school in Germany, Switzerland and France, and graduated at the University of Toronto in 1891. Later she was made a Fellow in Greek in Bryn Mawr College, was a Reader in English from 1893 to 1897 and has made extended studies at English and Continental universities.

MARY HUMPHREY,

now in France, has been connected with a children's dispensary stationed at Lunéville and operating as well in nearby villages. The unit to which she is attached is of the American Fund for French Wounded, loaned to the Children's Bureau of the American Red Cross.

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING,

a poet of distinction in the group of American Imagists, is welcomed as a newcomer to the pages of THE REVIEW.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER,

a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, is the author of "Death Doors and Asphodel," an essay on Greek and mediæval views of death which appeared in THE REVIEW of last December, and of other literary and critical essays. Mrs. Slaughter is working with her husband, who is the officer in charge of the American Red Cross at Venice.

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